

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

The Clubs of London 785	The Keepsake..... 790	Siborn on Topographical Survey- } 794	Eulogium on Thomas Jefferson.... 795
Austria as it is 786	Vie Politique de Napoleon 792	ing, &c..... } 794	Love's Apostate 796
The Winter's Wreath 787	Cumberland's British Theatre 793	London Medical Gazette 794	NEW MUSIC 797
Correspondence of the Earl of } 789	Brasse's Greek Gradus 793	Self-Regulating Calendar 794	THE DRAMA 797
Clarendon..... }	Blunt on the Gospels..... 793	ORIGINAL: Gretna Green 794	VARIETIES 799

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Clubs of London; with Anecdotes of their Members, Sketches of Character, and Conversations 2 vols. Post 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THESE volumes are of that light and agreeable order which so well agrees with the prevailing taste of the day, and which affords so pleasant a relaxation from arduous studies. The author's recollections, sought for, as he asserts, through the mist of intervening years, or roused from their burial places in the memory, which has rendered them up with reluctance, are exceedingly interesting, though, generally speaking, by no means new. This objection applies more particularly to the anecdotes—many of the portraits possessing features of much novelty, and all being sketched vividly and correctly. Entertaining the opinion that in the ease and familiarity of the club, the humours of the national character are seen in their native and unmixed form, the reminiscent exhibits his personages, in their undress attire, and in the gay freedom of the social hour; and, certainly, to these friendly corporations and their members, he has done exceeding justice. What can be more attractive, or delightful than the following description of the club originally held at the Essex-Head, where the genius of Samuel Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Windham, and Fox, threw out its milder,—its evening radiance, over their easy and unrestrained communications of heart and intellect:—

'The conversation in this delightful society was always unforced and natural, and ran smoothly and gently along, touching upon every topic that occurred, like Shakspeare's current, "giving a kiss to every stone it overtaketh in its pilgrimage." Even Johnson's growl was softened into something that resembled amenity; and if you examine closely the composition of that club, you will see the felicity of its contexture; and how cunningly its tints were disposed and varied through their several shades and gradations, from the rich and gorgeous glow of such minds as Burke's, to the chastised wit and unambitious pleasantry of Topham Beauclerc, the lettered ease and good sense of Bennet Langton, and then to the excellent individuals, who, though of humbler pretensions, were not stocks or stones, but of shrewd, sterling, understandings; and whose remarks were always listened to with respect and attention. It had been asserted that there was seldom any set discussion amongst them; for, the easy copiousness and discursive range of Burke's conversation brought together so many hints and allusions, as to create a perpetual variety and alternation of discourse. This, indeed, was Burke's theory of conversation, "the perfection of which," he once remarked, "was, not to play a regular sonata,

but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the "passing breeze."

From these well-written prefatory remarks we must also extract the author's solution of the enigma, why professed literary men are not pleasant or instructive companions when they meet together. He observes:—

'A little sprinkling of them infuses an agreeable variety in a party, but, like some families, they should never visit in a groupe.—Does this well-founded reproach arise from that professional backwardness which modestly prohibits one star from shining at the expense, or in the presence, of others of equal magnitude? Or is it, that, when a knot of learned personages are drawn together, they are apt to decant, in technical language, on subjects something beyond the comprehension of common mortals? and, when good manners prohibit this exclusive converse, that an author is generally so little a man of the world, as to be unable, or unwilling, to descend to the small talk of the day?—Or is it not, rather, that, when in such company, a good thought, or new idea arises, the inspired person prefers to reserve it for his next magazine essay,—his new novel,—or his long promised treatise on political economy,—rather than, by proclaiming it on the spot, to give his literary rivals the undue advantage of priority of publication?

'Literary men seldom think aloud: they think upon paper, that their thoughts may not be thrown away. They are, moreover, in company, too much on the alert in making observation upon character, and in picking up the best thoughts of other persons, to be able to afford their share of the general entertainment. When, however, there is only one learned Theban in company, he generally shines; for, he dreads no rivalry nor petty larceny, and he feels himself to be the representative of his fraternity in the general congress of society;—the ambassador of Apollo, at the court of the muses,—where he is called upon to support the credit of his profession:—the majority of his auditors consequently admire him for the instruction that falls from his lips; and they are grateful to him for removing the veil of ignorance from between their eyes and those subjects which he has particularly studied.'

Our concluding quotations are a few miscellaneous passages from those portions of the work which we conceive to be least familiar to the public. In the account of the Beef-Steak club we find some amusing recollections of John Kemble, the late Duke of Norfolk, Charles Morris, and other distinguished individuals. In one qualification, at least, the club had not a more efficient member than his grace of Norfolk,—in playing his part in the demolition of a steak and its accompaniments, no one surpassed him:—

'He was *totus in illis*. Eyes, hands, mouth, were all intensely exercised; not a faculty played the deserter. His appetite literally grew

by what it fed on. Two or three succeeding steaks, fragrant from the gridiron, rapidly vanished. In my simplicity, I thought that his labours were over. I was deceived, for I observed him rubbing a clean plate with a shalot, to prepare it for the reception of another.

'A pause of ten minutes ensued, and his grace rested upon his knife and fork; but it was only a pause, and I found that there was a good reason for it. Like the epic, a rump of beef has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The palate of an experienced beef-steaker can discern all its progressive varieties, from the first cut to the last; and he is a mere tyro at the business, who does not know, that towards the middle there lurks a fifth essence, the perfect ideal of tenderness and flavour. Epicurism itself, in its fanciful combinations of culinary excellence, never dreamed of any thing surpassing it. For this cut, the duke had wisely tarried, and for this he re collected his forces. At last he desisted, but more I thought from fatigue than satiety; *lassatus, non satiat*. I need not hint, that powerful irrigations of port encouraged and relieved at intervals the organs engaged in this severe duty.

'Nor could I help admiring that his grace, proverbially an idolater of the table, should have dined with such perfect complacency upon beef steaks;—he whose eyes and appetite roved every day amidst the rich variety of a ducal banquet, to which ocean, earth, and air, paid their choicest contingents. His palate, I thought, would sigh as in captivity for the range in which it was wont to expatiate. A member, who sat next me, remarked, that in beef steaks there was considerable variety, and he had seen the most finished gourmands about the town quite delighted with the simple repast of the society. But with regard to the Duke of Norfolk, he hinted, that it was his custom, on a beef-steak day, to eat a preliminary dish of fish in his own especial box at the Piazza, and then adjourn time enough for the beef-steaks. He added, also, and I heartily concurred in his remark, that a mere dish of fish could make no more difference to the iron digestion of his grace, than a tenpenny nail, more or less, in that of an ostrich. After dinner, the duke was ceremoniously ushered to the chair, and invested with an orange-coloured ribbon, to which a silver medal, in the form of a gridiron, was appended. In the chair, he comported himself with great urbanity and good humour. On common occasions, the president is the target, at which all the jests and witticisms of the table are fired. On this, the fire was moderate; for though a characteristic equality reigns at the Beef-Steaks, the influences of rank and station are felt there, as they are in every society composed of English gentlemen; and a courtesy stole insensibly upon those, who at other times were the most merciless assailants on the chair. I observed, then, and afterwards found my observation confirmed, that the duke's conversation was various, embracing a large circle of anecdote, and displaying much of the

terseness of phrase, and accuracy of thinking, familiar to men who have combined much experience with considerable reading. I was astonished to see how little effect the sturdy port wine of the society produced on his adamant constitution; for the same abhorrence of a vacuum, which had disposed him to do such ample justice to his dinner, showed itself no less in his unflinching devotion to the bottle.

Our venerable friend, Charles Morris, is described as the bard of the society:—

‘Who, in the person of this her favourite disciple, may still boast *non caret vate sacro*, for time has not yet struck this old deer of the forest. You should have seen him, as was his wont at the period I am speaking of, making the society’s punch, his ancient and rightful office. It was pleasing to see him at his laboratory at the side-board, stocked with the varied products that enter into the composition of that nectareous mixture; then smacking an elementary glass or two, and giving a significant nod, the fiat of its excellence; and what could exceed the extasy with which he filled the glasses that thronged around the bowl; joying over its mantling beauties with an artist’s pride, and distributing the fascinating draught

“That flames and dances in its crystal bound.”

Well has our laureate earned his wreath. At that table his best songs have been sung; for that table his best songs were written. His allegiance to the Beef-Steaks has been an undivided allegiance. Neither hail, nor shower, nor snow-storm have kept him away;—no engagement, no invitation seduced him from it. I have seen him there “outwatching the bear” in his seventy-eighth year; for as yet Nature had given no signal of decay in frame or faculty; but you saw him in a green and vigorous old age, tripping mirthfully along the downhill of existence, without languor, or gout, or any of the penalties exacted by time for the mournful privilege of living. I never knew any man less infected with the vanity of being thought younger than he is: and so far from wiping any thing from the score, I am convinced, that by an amiable fraud, our old bard now and then posts in his ledger a year or two more than he ought to do. His face is still resplendent with cheerfulness. “Die when you will, Charles,” said Curran to him, “you will die in your youth.”

Of the opinion which the late John Kemble entertained of the abilities of Kean, the author presents us with the following particulars:—

‘Rivalry,’ he said, ‘was out of the question; he himself was now retired from the stage, and he was only speaking upon a mere point of taste. He thought that in a very short time the poor fellow would break down beneath the weight of his reputation. His reception, he said, was too overwhelmingly flattering to allow him time to reflect on the precarious breath of popular applause, so as to prepare for a sudden shifting of the gale; and he would thus be kept in a walk, for which neither previous study, nor natural or acquired faculties had fitted him, only to be driven from it when his incapacity to tread in it should be become more apparent. Whereas, he observed, a really excellent artist, Talma, for instance, lay safely moored in the public approbation, and secure from the vicissitudes of taste; because the admiration he excited would stand the test of reason, and, therefore, ran no risk of a sudden and capricious diminution. “You will see,” said John, with something like a prophetic gra-

vity, “that the actor we are now canvassing, will be driven to the trick of withdrawing to America, as a frail beauty of the lobby finds it expedient to withdraw her charms from it for awhile, to re-appear when her face has been long enough forgotten.” The popularity of Kean was, he continued, radically unsound. The galleries, in his case, led the rest of the house; and it was his by-play (which, if not sparingly and judiciously used, was contemptible buffoonery) that chiefly delighted them.’

From these passages our readers will be enabled to form some opinion of the vivacious sketches and anecdotal treasures which are to be met with in the Clubs of London.

Austria as it Is; or, Sketches of Continental Courts. By an EYE-WITNESS. Post 8vo. pp. 236. London, 1828. Hurst and Co.

This is the work of a native of the Austrian empire, who, after an absence of five years, has re-visited his country; and these pages present us with an accurate and entertaining picture of its present situation. Possessing the advantage of an almost untrodden field, he has selected from the abundance of materials supplied by unlimited opportunities and keen observation, many highly instructive anecdotes, and much of general and important information. His sketches of public men have great freshness and truth about them; and his insight into character is deep and discriminative. But the author’s liberal and enlightened views are not confined exclusively to the higher circles; he mingles with and describes the middling and lower classes with equal interest and ability. Passing from Havre to Rouen, Paris, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, &c. and taking rapid but comprehensive glances of all that he encountered, we find much in the early portion of the volume of a very original and amusing nature. At Paris, the king and his pious satellites are dashed off in the light but sufficiently descriptive style, which is the writer’s characteristic. Our extracts must be confined to the author’s account of Francis and his revolting system of government, and of Viennese high life. After stating that this monarch, in order to bear down all dispute of his right and supremacy, has overturned honour, morality, religion, he continues,—

‘If the Austrians have not yet become what, if this system should continue ten years longer, they must necessarily be,—the vilest and most perfidious people on the face of the earth, it is certainly not the fault of Francis. The education of the youth, public stations, secret policy, every thing combines here, to produce political and moral degradation. And this system of degradation he carries on in that plain, coarse, and downright matter-of-fact manner with which a cross master disposes of his house affairs. Compared with the roughness with which Francis handles his subjects, by the mere plainness of his manner, the tyranny of Napoleon was a trifle. He incarcerates bishops, as well as princes and counts, just as he pleases; and should his students murmur or rise against their professors, they are sent as private soldiers to the frontiers of Turkey,—all in the most parental manner. There is in this prince a strange mixture of unassuming simplicity and of despotic haughtiness, of a truly jesuitical craftiness with an apparent frankness,

of the coarsest and most ungrateful egotism with an apparently kind-hearted indulgence. If you see him driving his old-fashioned green calèche and two, dressed in a brown shabby cabotte, with a corresponding hat, nodding friendly to his right and left, or good-humouredly speaking to his grand chamberlain, Count Wobna, you would think it impossible that in him there is the least pride. Again, when you see sovereigns and princes approaching him with that awe and shyness which mark a decided distrust, and he himself just as plain, even as gross, as if he spoke to the least of his subjects, you feel convinced that there is occasion for being on your guard, against an openness which might send you in the plainest way into the dungeons of Munkatsch, Komom, or Spielferg. He is certainly not a hypocrite, but there is a wiliness and an innate deceit in him, which baffles the keenest eye, and really deceived Napoleon. Even his own family trust him little; and though his intercourse with them is plain, and they mix on familiar terms, yet they always keep their distance. Neither his brother nor the crown prince is allowed the least interference in public business, except what is allotted to them.

‘Of his brothers, he likes the Archduke Rainer, vice-king of Italy, best; of Charles he is jealous; John is too learned for him; the Palatine too impetuous. When this latter prince requested his permission to marry his present (third) wife, the emperor replied to him, half frowning: “You may take her; but I shall myself pray for her long life, for I presume your next would be a Jewess.” Though he is very fond of his empress, and is frequently heard saying, “Now I am happy!” yet she has no political influence. When he saw her first, he whispered to his grand chamberlain, “That is one who will stand a puff. I am glad of it. I shall not have a burial again in a fortnight.”

‘He rises commonly at six o’clock, takes breakfast an hour afterwards, and transacts public business till one o’clock, or gives public audiences. At two o’clock he takes a ride, sometimes with his empress, but oftener with his favourite grand chamberlain, the excellent Count Wobna, or his aid-de-camp, Baron Rutschard. At four o’clock he dines, commonly on five dishes, with a dessert; his beverage is water, and a liquor-tumbler filled with Tokay. After dinner he takes a peep at his plants, in the Paradise Garth; or looks whether any of his pigeons have strayed away or have been captured, a circumstance which makes him always angry; and at six o’clock he takes coffee, made in the new Imperial Garden Pavilion by the empress herself, who, dressed in a plain suit, delights to be cook and landlady in person. The time till supper is filled out with *térzettos*, which he performs on the violin with his favourite aid-de-camp, Baron K——a, and another nobleman or prince. As father of a family, he deserves praise: there is not a more decent and respectable family in the empire than his own. Besides the higher branches of education, every member of it is obliged to learn a mechanic occupation; and the archdukes are carpenters and cabinet-makers, and the crown prince himself a weaver. Gallantries are entirely excluded; and a celebrated beauty, who, from an opposite box in the imperial theatre, had the audacity to wish his son-in-law, the Prince of S——o, a good evening, was sent to prison, and the prince himself severely reprimanded. His second son, Francis Charles, is his favourite, a clever young man, of a pre-

possessing appearance. He is universally spoken of as his successor.

The young Napoleon, according to our author, experiences from the emperor more marked tenderness than any other member of the imperial family. It would appear as if by this conduct he wished to obliterate the recollection of the wrongs which his duplicity inflicted on the illustrious father. Of the boy himself, it is stated,—

‘He is, indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His lord chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the prince stepped out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with his governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing, at the same time, figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, “Des Prussiens?” demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse.

‘It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather, and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye, which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand Duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above £20,000 sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed “Euer Durchlaucht,” (Votre Altesse.) His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the imperial princes: he has his obersthofmeister, his lord chamberlain, aids-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination.’

‘*Austrian High Life.*—You will find, in the circles of the nobility, an union of every thing delightful, with that stateliness and solidity which blend the ancient grandeur with modern taste. The picture of Austrian high life is less dazzling than the French, but it is more solid. There is less extravagance, less variety than in Paris, but infinitely more reality. It is this steadiness which has preserved their wealth, even through centuries, little impaired by the late disasters; while the French nobility and that of the German states, are generally more or less impoverished.’

‘A solid family of the high nobility will rise early,—between six and eight o’clock,—if a ball or a party of the preceding night has not encroached on the morning. A cup or two of coffee, with a small white roll (*semmel*), is the usual breakfast, which is taken *en famille*, with

the exception of the youths, who breakfast and dine separately with their tutors. The subsequent hours are dedicated to business. The lord is engaged with his privy or court-counsellor, or director of his domains, in the current business, which takes from two to three hours; the reading of English, French, and German newspapers. The lady is all the while busy in her apartments with the supreme regulations of the household; reading, writing, drawing, and dressing. At twelve o’clock the visiting hours begin. The lady either pays or receives visits, in which, however, her husband seldom participates. Their apartments are generally separate. As they keep separate carriages, the lady takes her ride at two o’clock, either in the company of her husband, or of her lady companion, in the Augarten, the Prater, or on the Glacis. At three o’clock dinner is served, attended by the whole family, except the youths, who are only permitted to join them on a Sunday, with their tutor.

‘After dinner the regular ride is taken, and this is followed by the tea-party, and fruits at six. The theatre, or an evening party, for which the dress is again changed, concludes the day. A court gala, or a grand party, alters, of course, the order of the day. The common hour of set dinners is three. You are invited by cards; and the invitation is sent according to your rank, either eight or two days before the dinner itself. On entering the mansion of the nobleman, a Swiss will ring the bell:—if you are a prince, thrice; if a count or baron, twice; and if a simple nobleman or gentleman, but once. On the staircase, two jagers (footmen) in rich liveries, with broad hangers and epaulettes, are waiting. They open the doors. One of them takes your hat and conducts you through an enfilade of splendid rooms to the boudoir of the lady, announcing your name and your character. You are received by her sitting, with a bow, and the four words, “N—, sie sind well kommen!” (N—, you are welcome,) and if you are on terms of intimacy with the family, you are allowed to kiss her hand. You enter into conversation with the gentlemen or ladies present for some minutes. The doors open, and the steward announces dinner. The party generally consists of an equal number of each sex; the gentleman takes his partner, with whom he walks to the dining-room. There may be twelve, twenty, or forty guests; but the party is never thirteen. The first place at the round table is occupied by the hostess. Each guest has assigned his place, so that a lady is always between two gentlemen, and so *vice versa*. The number of courses after soup, is three. The first consists regularly of a haunch of deer, followed by sausages and some stimulating delicacies; boiled beef succeeds, with fricassees, puddings, and fish. The second course consists of roasted pheasants, roe, and fowls: the third, of the dessert. It is fashionable to eat quick; and the twelve or fifteen dishes which compose the three courses, disappear in three quarters of an hour. Carving and helping is, of course, wholly done by the servants. The beverages are exquisite. At the beginning of the dinner, you are asked what sort of wine you prefer. Generally a light Rhenish, or Hungarian Buda wine mixed with water, is the common table beverage. When beef is served, a glass of Malaga is handed round; at the beginning of the second course, old Johannisberger, Rudesheim, or Steinwein; the third course is accompanied by a tumbler of champagne; and the dessert itself is crowned by a liqueur glass of the em-

peror of wines, the spirited Tokay. Toasts or healths are not fashionable, except on public occasions. The whole dinner takes not more than one hour, after which the company rise; each guest pays the usual respect to the hostess and each member of the company, with a bow; and the same partners conduct the ladies to the next room, where coffee, with liqueurs of Trieste and Italy, is served round: the ladies sitting, the gentlemen standing, or as they choose. A conversation of a quarter of an hour ensues; and those not invited for the evening party disappear *incognito*, without bidding farewell to host or hostess.’

The Ex King of Sweden.—‘When I passed through Heidelberg, the unfortunate Ex-King of Sweden (Count Gustavson) alighted in the same hotel where I stopped. He had just left the stage-coach, and entered the dining-room of the *posthof*, his portmanteau under his arm, dressed plain, and rather poorly, and without a servant. The room was crowded with passengers and students; the conversation, though not noisy, yet lively. As soon as the ex-monarch entered, a deep respectful silence ensued, the students left off smoking, and the gentleman who occupied the head of the table rose to make place for the distinguished guest. The landlord approached him, and asked whether he would not be pleased to hear the band of musicians, which just entered. He consented but they were not permitted to address him for the petty customary compliment, as it was generally known that he was very poor, and reduced to the necessity of pawning, at Basle, his portmanteau. There was not a sneer, not the least contempt shown towards the dethroned monarch, so reduced in his pecuniary means. A deep respect was legible on the countenances of the whole company, as far from servile cringing to high life, as low contempt of fallen greatness. I could not help expressing my satisfaction to one of the students, a beautiful, noble, and proud-looking young fellow, dressed in the Teutonic costume. “Sir,” said he, seriously, “we would not show so much respect towards the Emperor of Austria, but Count Gustavson is unfortunate,” and raising his voice emphatically, “wo to the wretch who adds to the load of the oppressed!”’

The Winter's Wreath; or, a Collection of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse. Liverpool, 1828. Smith.

UPON a deliberate and candid consideration, we must, we believe, give in our verdict that the *Winter's Wreath* stands at some distance, both with regard to embellishments and literary merit, from its numerous and beautiful predecessors. Yet we have no doubt that it will meet with a very plentiful proportion of public patronage, inasmuch as it has chosen a path into which but one of these charming little Christmas guests has at all pretended to venture. The *Winter's Wreath* is a religious publication, and is the only annual which can be strictly so termed. It is true that the *Amulet* puts forward claims to a similar distinction; but although that volume contains a good sprinkling of devotional subjects, it is not, like the *Winter's Wreath*, exclusively confined to them.

We have said that this volume is decidedly inferior to its contemporaries of the same class, yet we would by no means be understood, as considering it devoid of merits of a very high order. To make the point of

perfection, which some of them have reached, the general standard by which all that follow are to be estimated, would be a proceeding fit only for a literary Procrustes. Even *inferiority*, when so only by comparison with objects of such startling splendour, is *positive merit*, and merit of a very rich imposing character. But to particularize—of the embellishments, which are nine in number, we prefer Winandermere (a very spirited and clever view of that lovely spot, by Miller); Barley Wood, the residence of Hannah Moore; and Forbes's Green, after Corbould. The portrait of Bishop Heber does not, we think, quite do him justice. The large print of him is a much finer head.

As we have already given quotations from this volume, in a former number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we shall now merely extract the 'true story' of Mary Donaldson, the wee woman o' Breckonhill, the production of the editor.

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

"Fifty years ago the people of England practically understood what a solitude meant; in these days we know it only by the term and descriptions;—loneliness of situation, remoteness from the dwellings of men. There are no solitudes, no lonely dwellings such as existed in former times, when retirement was such, that it was little short of exclusion from society; when the arrival of the old bagpiper, or the wandering pedlar with his little basket of wares, was considered an event in the family; an event which never failed to assemble the entire household, not only to gather all the news that was going, but to hear the old minstrel play "On Ettrick's banks in a summer's night," or "Farewell to Lochaber," and to purchase from the pedlar glasses, ribbons, and the four seasons painted in such intensely bright colours, that by the children they were deemed nothing less than exquisite! Neither a Claude nor a Titian, with the chaster taste of after times, ever called forth half the admiration.

"The solitude in such situations was often so unbroken, that in a calm day you might hear a horse's hoof for miles off, and then as to guests, they were a thing of such rare occurrence, that a dinner put not only every person but every animal about the place in requisition, from the anxious mistress downwards to the very herd-boy and the old mare Maggie. Preparation itself constituted a great part of the enjoyment, for in those days conversation was not very intellectual; all the care was that nothing might be wanting in kindness and hospitality. The visit ended, every thing returned to its wonted course; the wardrobe received its long hoarded dresses, the old carved press its snowy *nappery*, and then, perhaps, many a month would pass over ere another stranger would break in upon the solitude.

"What a change does this country exhibit since art and science have given such facility to travelling; now every mountain and every valley are visited; every rural haunt, famed for beauty, is explored, not only by the painter, the poet, and the curious traveller, but by all classes of the community.

"This intercourse, we must allow, civilizes mankind, and introduces important blessings into society, but it necessarily destroys much of that originality and simplicity which are so delightful to be met with. Collision may polish character, but it lessens individuality. Perhaps

it is a foolish prejudice in favour of old times, but we should wish to see some of those strong characteristic traits, which grow up in seclusion, preserved amongst our peasantry; we should rejoice to perceive all ranks Christianized in heart, but not all modelled and stereotyped either in manner or language. We would not have all solitude destroyed by perpetual frequency, nor all spontaneous feeling checked by imitation.—But alas! we are afraid that ere another fifty years have passed away, there will be no individuals like Wee Mary Donaldson; no solitudes like the solitude of Breckonhill.

"This beautiful spot is situated on the borders of Scotland and Cumberland. The old house stands on the brow of a hill, which looks down upon the river Line, the borders of which are shaded with trees and covered with underwood. A little mill, to which the miller's cottage is attached, stands on the brink of the river—the very image of solitude and repose.

"Lone mang trees and braes it reekit
Hafflins seen, and hafflins hid."

On one side of the court was an ancient stone tower, built in the feudal times not only as a look out, but for the preservation of cattle and a place of defence against those predatory incursions which the Scottish moss-troopers were wont to make upon the Borders. This tower, though not adorned by "jutting frieze," was a picturesque object, and in its "coigne of vantage," not only the chattering daw, but "the guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet," built its little domicile.

"From its turrets there was a fine view of the country and the surrounding mountains, and from thence too the river was seen, as the Ayrshire poet beautifully describes,

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
"Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle.

"On the outside of the court was a green, and on this green, close by the old gate-way, stood a cottage, where Mary Donaldson, the subject of this narrative, resided: she was a woman of unusually short stature, and, by old and young, was always called Little Mary Donaldson. But, if her figure were diminutive, her humanity and benevolence of heart were warm and expansive. In contemplating her little history, one cannot help regretting that a being of such tender and compassionate feelings should have had to struggle with poverty and hardship through the whole of her pilgrimage; for she was literally a servant of servants; one who was expected to run at every body's call, as if she herself were incapable of fatigue. The very children imposed upon her patient good humour, and would climb upon her back and add to her burden as she returned from the distant well with her pitcher of water in one hand and a bundle of sticks in the other. She wore a man's large slouched hat tied under the chin in all seasons, both within doors and without; and in the winter, when she could no longer work in the fields or tend the cattle, she spun hard all day, and thought her labours well repaid if, in the evenings, her earnings amounted to a few pence. Her diminutive stature prevented her from ever being hired as a regular servant, so that when she was employed, she received only the wages of a girl. In those days the pay of the peasantry was very small, so that in all her life poor Mary rarely possessed

more than a few shillings at one time; consequently a sum of money that we should deem insignificant, would, in her estimation, appear wealth and affluence, whilst the very circumstance of its being earned with difficulty would enhance its value.

"For a short period Mary left her little cottage by the gate way at Breckonhill, and went to live at Langholm with her brother, who rented a small farm there; in his service she never received any wages, so, as a compensation for her labours, he at length presented her with a little Scotty calf, which she was to rear and sell for herself. How she tended it; how she watched its growth as she drove it to the pasture, and how hard it was to part with this her first possession, even for all the money its dappled sides would bring, we may not declare. But to Annan Fair wee Mary Donaldson set off with her little Scotty; her own simple narrative shall relate the sequel:—

"I selt my bonny cow at Annan Fair for three pund ten, and was just turning home again, right glad o' heart, wi' the money a' safe i' my pocket, when at the town fit what should I see but a meikle crowd o' folk, an i' the vera midst o' them a', a puir man wha stood wringing his hands and greeting* unco sair; sae I spiered† what was the matter, an they telt me he had just buried his wife, an they were e'en taking him awa to jail because he couldna pay his mailens‡.—"An how meikle is't?" spiered I, an they said it was three pun ten.—Then I was sae wae§, sae vera wae for the puir man, for the widower, to see him greet sae, for he'd just lost his wife, that I e'en gied him a' my money—my three pund ten! that I had selt my Scotty for. I said here puir man, here ye shall hae it a'.—But the warst o't was, I was sae wae, sae vera wae, and sae dinted|| that I never minded on to spier the puir man's name. Sae when I gat hame fra the fair, an telt them a' what I had done, oh the weary life my brother led me! he was e'en like to turn me out o' the onset, an ca'd me monie a puir silly daft body, an ay telt me I would never see a plack o' my money again.—But it was just that day six weeks, for weel I mind on, I heard somebody knock at the door, an a man spier gin a vera wee woman didna live there ca'd Mary Donaldson? Its me! its me! I said, an rinning to the door, wha should it be but the vera puir man's ain sel! an right justly did he pay me a' my monie again, my three pund ten! an treated us wi' a crown bowl o' punch forbye."

"This affecting narrative was often repeated to the writer, when a child, by a near relative who resided at Breckonhill, and who was intimately acquainted with the circumstance.—By her benevolence Mary's severe poverty was softened and relieved, and such was her simplicity of character and confidence in that benevolence, that she was wont to say "I'll never apply to the parish as long as ye hae either milk or meal i' the house."

"How sweetly does the charity of this poor woman realize the example recorded in Scripture, "She of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." A. H."

There are several very pretty poetical morceaux; especially must be noticed *The Deliverance of Vienna*, an Ode, from the Italian of Filicaga, by Mr. Thomas Macaulay; *The Stranger's Heart*, by Mrs. Hemans; and the lines intitled *A Fragment*, which are pecu-

* 'Greeting, weeping.' † 'Spiered, inquired.'
‡ 'Mailens, rent.' § 'Wae, sorry.'
|| 'Dinted, overpowered.'

liarily plaintive and beautiful, although the repetition of the last line of the verse, a most effective poetical artifice, is not an original idea. It has been used by Sir Walter Scott, in the beautiful little poem introduced in *Rokeby*; who also borrowed it from an old and charming little ballad which he quotes in the notes to that poem.

The volume is beautifully printed, and very well fulfils the intention of its editor—'to blend instruction with amusement, and to unite what is too often separated, although not necessarily, principle with taste.'

The Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and of his Brother, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; with the Diary of Lord Clarendon, from 1687 to 1690, containing minute particulars of the Events attending the Revolution: and the Diary of Lord Rochester during his Embassy to Poland, in 1676. Edited from the original MSS. with Notes. By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F.S.A. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1828. Colburn.

To prove the importance and interesting nature of the letters and papers of which these volumes are composed, it is simply necessary to state that they illustrate the events which paved the way to the revolution of 1688, and present an authentic and accurate account of the circumstances which attended it. These materials have been derived from the original papers of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the author of the *History of the Rebellion*, and of his brother Henry, Earl of Clarendon, whose letters contain an account of his government in Ireland. A considerable portion of the correspondence of the latter was published sixty-four years since, by Dr. Douglas, and this the editor has incorporated with the present work, supplying some important omissions, and many new letters of considerable interest. Nearly two hundred pages of the first volume are devoted to the correspondence of Henry and Laurence, from October, 1676, to August, 1686, and in these will be found some important information respecting the situation of the country at these periods. Our first extract is illustrative of the designs of James, and of the preliminary steps to the supplanting of the Earl of Clarendon, by the notorious Tyrconnel. The letter is addressed by the Earl of Clarendon to the Earl of Rochester, and is dated Dublin Castle, May 11, 1686:—

'Sir Robert Hamilton is a wonderful man; he is so full of news, and talks so much in the town, and tells such frightful stories of what universal alterations are to be made here, that the townsmen think of nothing but inquiring after news. The truth is, if what he says be true, there is scarce one man now in employment but is to be removed, throughout the kingdom; which, if it were true, might certainly be ordered to be better divulged than by such a kind of report; which is not for the king's service, with submission. Among other things, he says the commission of the revenue here is altered; Mr. Bridges put out, and Mr. Keightley put into his room; that having some intimation of it, he went to the king, having a pretension to be a commissioner of the revenue himself; and that the king told him, that he had already put in Mr. Keightley, or else he

would have given it to him. And he says he was told by a good hand before he left London, that my Lord Longford and Culliford were to be put out, and Hacket and Hoare, two merchants of this town, to be in their places. There is a very pleasant story he tells about, and assures people that he saw and read my Lord Tyrconnel's commission; which gives him very large powers, and the absolute command and disposition of the army, without taking any notice of the lord lieutenant. I confess I cannot but laugh at this part of his report which concerns me, whereby he thinks perhaps to make jealousies between my Lord Tyrconnel and me; which will not be in his, or any body's power to do. I never had yet any difference with my Lord Tyrconnel; and I cannot imagine why he and I should not agree in the king's business, as well as any others. And I am sure the king knows I will be advised by my Lord Tyrconnel, or any others, in the affairs of the army, or in any other matters, as he commands me; and therefore I give no credit to those reports, knowing well his majesty will not lessen any man in the authority he ought to have in the station he has put him, and which he has given by his commission; and I have not yet heard that his majesty is dissatisfied with any thing I have done here.'

On the 5th of June, Lord Clarendon, in a letter to the Earl of Sunderland, announces the arrival of Tyrconnel; and on Monday, the 7th, writing to Lord Rochester, thus describes one of their earliest interviews:—

'About nine in the morning my Lord Tyrconnel came to me, and said he had much to say to me. I told him he should have as much time as he pleased. He told me, though the commissions were come down for Sir Charles Fielding and Colonel Fairfax, yet it was the king's pleasure that Sir Charles Fielding should have his choice, and that he had told Sir Charles Fielding so last night; and that he would be by-and-by with me to give his answer; and, accordingly, he quickly came, (he had been with me two hours before, and told me all that had passed between them; and that he had much rather have the government than the regiment,) and after some discourse he told us that he had much rather have the government. I did not make any observation to him, that I had no intimation of this, nor any thing else from my lord president; nor of his lordship's having spoken to Sir Charles Fielding before he had mentioned it to me; which, at another time, or in another man, might have been thought a little strange. What I did say to him upon this matter you will see in my letter to my lord president; as you will likewise what passed between us upon the commissions for Mr. John Butler and Morris; in which certainly I am in the right, though his lordship swears horribly, between jest and earnest, that I am too scrupulous. But I tell him it has always been accounted very penal to make rasures in any instruments after they were signed by the king.

'His lordship then told me that there was another reform to be made in the army; "for, G—d—me," says he, "this Scotch battalion which is newly come into England, has undone us; the king is so pleased with it that he will have all his forces in the same posture. We have here a great many old men, and of different statures; they must be all turned out, for the king would have all his men young, and of one size." I desired that he and I might consider a little of this before the men were put

out, and lay the case before the king, and know his pleasure what should be done with the men; that those who are old have a right to be admitted into the hospital by the late king's charter of foundation, and have contributed out of their pay towards the building of it; that he should see the state of the hospital; that I doubted we could not get out of debt, and buy furniture and other conveniences to make room, till towards Christmas; that it would be hard to turn the men out, and make no provision for them; it would therefore be best in the first place to know what the king will have done; possibly, when he knows there can be no provision for them yet in the hospital, he will either direct the men to be kept for some months in the army still, or appoint some allowance for them till they can be admitted. His answer was, "Well, we will talk of it again; something must be done; but, by G—, the men must out; and, hang them, they have had the king's pay a great while." He then told me he had a mind to see the two troops now upon duty in town (which are of his own regiment) drawn together this afternoon; which I told him I would give orders in immediately, and likewise for the Royal Regiment to draw out to-morrow morning, as he desired. And thus we talked together in this rambling way, ever and anon making wonderful compliments to me, how he saw that I minded every thing, &c. till I was called to dinner; and then he left me, saying he was sorry he was engaged, and could not dine with me. I must not omit one thing that he told me; which was, that he was extremely troubled to supersede my Lord Granard, whom he loved with his heart; that he had reason to expect to have been a lieutenant-general in England; but the king had ordered it otherwise, and he must submit. In the afternoon his lordship viewed the two troops of horse, and seemed to be well pleased with them, and with the performing of their exercises.

'Tuesday the 8th. This morning the Royal Regiment drew up in St. Steven's Green, where my Lord Tyrconnel viewed them, and saw them exercise; Lieutenant-colonel Dorington was in his post; I was not in the field. His lordship told the officers that the king was so well satisfied in the long services of Sir Charles Fielding, that he had removed him to prefer him to a better post; and that he did the like for Major Billingsley, who was then in the field, Major Barker not being yet come. His lordship likewise said, (as I am informed,) that his majesty did not remove any of the other officers out of any dislike, for he was well satisfied with their services, but to make room for other men of great merit. Then he presented Captain Harman to the company he was to command, in the head of which was Captain Marguetson, who said he had bought his employment to show his readiness to venture his life and fortune in the king's service; that, whilst he had been in it, he had behaved himself with loyalty and honour, and did now most readily submit to his majesty's pleasure.

'Thus ended the day in the field. And now it is time to acknowledge yours of the 29th past from Windsor, and of the 1st instant. I told my Lord Tyrconnel yesterday, that I had now received the paper concerning Mr. Price, and the king's commands for the examining of it; that I intended to hear it myself, and to call my lord chancellor and the judges who are of the privy council, to my assistance, together with his lordship, and the rest of the field officers of the army. He said, it was very well,

but there was no haste in it. I said, I would be very willing to stay till he were at leisure; but it must be heard that the king may have an account of it; to which he replied, "Well, pray let us talk of it another time." I know not what he means; but a day or two hence I will call upon his lordship again. I likewise told my Lord Tyrconnel, that I had received the king's commands for examining the matter relating to the muster-master-general, and the clerk of the pells; that I intended to hear all that could be said in that matter in the presence of his lordship, my lord chancellor, the judges Nugent and Daly, Colonel Macarty, Colonel Hamilton, and Sir Thomas Newcomen, or any others his lordship should desire; to which he said, "Pray let us stay till Macarty comes;" "With all my heart," said I; and so these affairs stand for the present. I believe I have by this time tired you with reading, I am sure I have myself with writing. God keep you and yours. I refer you to my sister's for more stuff, if I have time to finish the letter I began to her yesterday. Though I use to keep my writing days pretty quiet, yet these new comers will not learn it so soon, and will break in upon me; and I must not shut myself up from them at first, till they have emptied themselves; and they are long-winded talkers, which, I fear, has made this letter more confused than it should be.

"I believe by this long letter you will guess me to be troubled; I confess I am uneasy in my mind, and a wiser man than I am would be so, to see how despicable a wretch I am thought here, after the orders I have given to Lord Tyrconnel in obedience to the king's letters—I am told by every body who comes out of England, that the king is pleased with me; my lord chancellor has written me word so twice (copies of his letters I have sent you), but perhaps that is flattery, for *I can never believe his sincerity*. My lord president has never let me know the king was pleased with any thing I do, which is very uncomfortable. But sure I am, I will be content to be condemned for any ill step I have made here, and any Catholic shall be my judge. Why then must I have this ignominious disgrace put upon me? Might not I have been employed to do what was to be done in the army; and if I had not done it, or not well done it, had there not been a better reason to be angry with me than there is yet? Lord Tyrconnel himself, after all his infallible skill, cannot draw up a regiment, which is visible here; and when a troop or company is drawn up, he sends an order to the captain to put out such men as Colonel Richard Hamilton shall mark; could not I have done that as well? I am sure I should not have given so many insolent and provoking words to gentlemen as he does, nor used so many oaths and curses as he does; and I had rather be hanged than do the king the mischief he does him. I do not desire to be sent for home, because I will not gratify the ill people, who would have me gone, who, upon my word, are very few. But why do I tire you? I know not whom to benoan myself to but yourself. I would not have you have any trouble upon my account; but, upon reading over all I have written to you since this lord came hither, I see no reason why the king might not read that whole diary; it will inform him of nothing but truth."

(To be continued.)

The Keepsake for 1828. Post 8vo. pp 312. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. R. Jennings.

THOUGH latest in the order of publication, this superb volume will certainly rank highest in the esteem of the public. Admirable as are all its predecessors, not one of them, by many degrees, approaches the *Keepsake* in that quality so all-important in volumes of this nature—the pictorial; and not more than two or three possess equal claims on the score of literary merit. We should be happy to commence with quoting the whole of the article, intitled, *Pocket Books and Keepsakes*, presenting, as it does, a most original and pleasant view of the subject, and abounding in every sentence with strong feeling and fanciful illustration. We must, however, content ourselves with one brief passage, in which the author has most happily anticipated us in all that we would say in favour of the sincerity and excellence of the title of this volume:

"As we had nothing to do with the christening, we may be allowed to express our approbation of the word *Keepsake*. It is a good English word; cordial, unpremeditated, concise; extremely to the purpose; and, though plain, implies a value. It also sets us reflecting on keepsakes in general, and on the givers of them; and these are pleasant thoughts. We have the pleasure of writing our words, this moment, *with a keepsake, on a keepsake, and of dipping our pen into a keepsake*. On one side of us are two others, filled with leaves and flowers; and on three sides, books multifarious, comprising many more. Thus are we a gifted writer in one sense, if in no other, and we are very proud of it; because the givers were such as had a right to give, and the receipts were for respect and affection's sake only.

"A present, it is said, should be rare, new, and suitable; neither so priceless as to be worth nothing in itself, nor yet so costly as to bring an obligation on the receiver. We know of no such cautious niceties between friends. The giver, indeed, must have the right to bestow; but let this be the case, and a straw from such a hand shall be worth a sceptre from another. A keepsake, in particular, as it implies something very intimate and cordial, is above these ceremonious niceties. We may see what people think of the real value of keepsakes, by the humble ones which they do not hesitate to bestow in wills."

"The Gored Huntsman" is a wild and spirited narrative of that class so attractive to the imagination of childhood. "Cavendish, a Fragment of English Life," is not deficient in vivacity, though the character of the hero is extravagantly conceived, and the incidents intolerably hacknied. "Love's Memories" overflows with earnest and intense feeling. "The False One," in which the writer mixes

"With western sentimentalism, Some samples of the finest orientalism," is very touching and very pretty. The poetry is, in general, of a superior quality. From two or three humorous stories, we select "Love in a Mist," in the assurance that it will afford our readers considerable amusement:

"In the village of Cripplesingleit lived Miss Bridget Sibthurdle, and Miss Dorothy March-

myrtle. The villagers were apt to call them, when speaking of them, Mrs.; but in retaining the prefix Miss I have the sanction of their own invariable custom, and surely they had a right to decide on their own appellation.

"These two old maids had long been the stockfish of the village. They were a sort of landmarks, and were supposed by the juvenals of the place to be coeval with the market-cross. That this however was not the case appeareth from the register of the parish church of Garryminster, wherein is recorded the baptism of Bridget, daughter of Humphry and Bridget Sibthurdle, baptized, May 3, 1765; and of Dorothy, dau. of John and Sismunda Marchmyrtle, April 10, in the same year.

"We can most truly and seriously assure our readers, that the sin of old maidenhood did not lie at the door of either of these ladies. On the contrary, their efforts to divorce themselves from celibacy, had been numberless. The learned professions had encountered a full display of their charms. Two successive vicars had obtained dispensations, and left to their curates the cure of souls. Two curates were married men. Two succeeding ones had resigned their situations. The Ollapods and Briefwits were besieged in vain. One by one the apothecaries evaporated, and the attorneys would not plead, though there was every chance of an "O yes" from the respondents.

"Fate at length directed to the village Jonah Elderberry, Esquire, a younger son's younger son, who retired in his fifty-ninth year to Cripplesingleit, on a gold-headed cane, and a life annuity of one hundred and nineteen pounds, odd shillings, odd pence, the bequest of an old aunt, for whom Jonah had invented a tooth powder equally choice and cheap.

"Jonah Elderberry Esquire, was a little man and a great beau—(on his arrival in the vicinity of the two spinsters, he was called the beau with two strings). He wore a little wig, very neat, and always appeared in a cinnamon-coloured coat and a faded apple-bloom complexion. He carried age well; he also carried, on damp days, a small silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He wore silk stockings, with long clocks, and being inside of the clocks, he was sometimes called Bell-hammer, which accounts for his striking harmony with the two spinsters. They heard of the name given him, and changed it to Bel-amour.

"To Mr. Elderberry accordingly both ladies laid siege. They besieged him, in hopes that he would beseech them, or one of them; but each flattered herself with the hope of being the lucky she, and of disappointing the other. This was a powerful by-motive, for they were bosom friends.

"However, Mr. Elderberry's conduct was sufficiently ambiguous, not that he failed in paying the most decided attentions to either lady; on the contrary, he was equally assiduous to both, and here was the mischief. So equally did he divide himself, that he ran a chance of being cut dead, a catastrophe which was only prevented by the great scarcity of bachelors in the village. To recur once more to the simile of the clock, (which is making the most of time), he was like a pendulum, so impartial were his vibrations between "the two parties."

"At length, however, it appeared, that things were coming to a crisis.

"Miss Dorothy Marchmyrtle had had certain supernatural indications, that *something was going to come*. For three several mornings the coffee grounds had given mysterious hints;

bride-cake appeared in her dreams, and cradles bounced from the fire. The rind of an orange, thrown over her shoulder, arranged itself into a true love knot. That of a turnip, to be sure, had represented an H: and why might not Elderberry be spelt with that letter? and even if it were not the first letter of Elderberry, it was certainly the last of Jonah.

On the morning of the fourth day came a little flourish on the knocker, at the door of Miss Dorothy's dwelling; and a small single knock by way of peroration, a sort of miniature town knock, or London rap in a consumption.

The door opened, and Miss Marchmyrtle's handmaiden announced Mr. Elderberry. So "enter Jonah."

There was somewhat more of constraint in Miss Dorothy's manner than usual, as she motioned Mr. Elderberry to a chair; a degree of consciousness which looks very well at sixteen; but is perhaps reversed when the figures are reversed. This something, it has no name in the living tongue, was not however exclusively confined to the spinster. It seemed even still more to occupy and overwhelm the bachelor.

Several ahems.—Information given and received on that recondite subject, the state of the weather. Lapdog very well?—Lapdog not very well, sick of a surfeit, occasioned by eating too many stewed oysters, poor dear thing.—Friend Miss Sibthurdle well?—Miss Sibthurdle quite well.—

So passed half an hour. At the expiration of this period the conversation, after a sort of Rubicon-like pause, was renewed. A new key was touched, and a mystery unlocked.

"I have ventured to wait on Miss Marchmyrtle in consequence of—of—" a period or full stop.

"No need of assigning any cause. Mr. Elderberry's visits always acceptable!"

"Very good—very kind—very kind indeed. But the occasion of my present visit is one of so peculiar a nature, one in which my happiness is so materially a subject, that my dear Miss Marchmyrtle must excuse any want of connection in the detail of what it is impossible, perhaps, explicitly to detail."

"I believe, I think, I imagine, I understand, your meaning, sir. Beg you will compose yourself."

"Then, madam, this—this—the attachment of which I would speak, you are acquainted with?"

"I confess, Mr. Elderberry, to show you the frankness, with which I mean—with which it is my wish to speak, I own I have suspected it. Be quiet, Cupid."

"The last words were spoken to the lapdog, and not to Mr. Elderberry."

"And may I then venture—may I dare to hope—that this too, too tender penchant of my heart for one of the most deserving of her sex merits Miss Marchmyrtle's approbation? If so, my happiness will be complete."

"Sir, I protest, I am not prepared. Cupid, I say, how you tease me! I am not at this moment capable; my agitation is such; pardon me, sir."

"How kind," said Mr. Elderberry, "how compassionate! Yet, forgive me, if I cannot leave this place without knowing the sentiments of one whose judgment is so paramount."

The maiden sighed, sidled, bridled, looked amiable, said, "Sir, if I must answer—if you will take advantage of my agitation, I do own, your merit requires it. Your proposal has my concurrence."

"I am the happiest of men," exclaimed the

lover. "Your approbation only was wanting to perfect my felicity: without that, I could not have ventured to complete the union, dear as it is to my heart."

"Of course not!" said the lady, whom this singular truism rather amazed.

"Forgive me, madam, if now I leave you—you know a lover's feelings, and I must hasten to expedite matters." And the gentleman vanished, leaving Miss Dorothy astonished, that he should be in such haste to procure the license before the day was fixed.

An hour had not elapsed when Miss Bridget Sibthurdle was announced. She was introduced to her friend's dressing-room.

"My dear Dorothy, who do you think has just left me? Ah! I see you guess! But of course you must, he told me he had just left you."—"If you mean Mr. Elderberry, my dear friend, certainly it is not long since he was here."—"Yes, I know he has opened all to you; he told me had."—"Indeed! He was in a vast hurry to impart his tidings. Yet he seems so happy one cannot but pardon him."

"Well, but my love, you know I have a favour to beg, which I am sure you will not refuse; our friendship will ensure its being granted."—"I think I guess," replied Miss Dorothy; "well, but speak my dear."—"Why you know there must be a bride's maid on this occasion."—"Precisely what I was thinking of."—"Now I should be very happy, my dear Marchmyrtle—"

"Ah! I understand you; yes, my dear friend, you certainly in preference to every other shall be my bride's maid."—"Your bride's maid! Miss Marchmyrtle!"—"Certainly, I promise it you."—"Oh! that is when you are married: yes, then, certainly, you shall return me the compliment!"—"When I am married! My dear Bridget, you are bewildered. Did not you just ask to accompany me as my bride's maid?"

"When! where! what do you mean?" cried the bewildered Bridget.—"Madam, this is no jesting matter, I assure you, I look on your conduct as unfriendly."—"Miss Marchmyrtle, your conversation is unintelligible—is strange—unaccountable. In a word, do you wish to appear as my friend on my approaching union with Mr. Elderberry, or not?"—"Your union, ma'am!"—"Yes, ma'am! Mr. Elderberry has, as you know, this morning made proposals—"

"Yes, to me," interrupted Miss Marchmyrtle. Did not you this moment say he had told you of it?"—"His affection for me, he certainly told me he had, though without consulting me, informed you of; a liberty which I overlooked in him at the time. Had he known, that I was to be thus insulted, he would have placed his confidence elsewhere."

"Woman! it is false!" exclaimed Miss Marchmyrtle, unable to suppress the torrent of her rage.

"You! marry you!" retorted the other, "you old—you ugly wretch!"

"Come along! this instant, come along!" screamed Dorothy, and seizing her quondam friend by the arm, she dragged her away. The chair in which Miss Bridget had arrived was at the door, into it they both got; they were not very corpulent, and the vehicle was of easy dimensions.

"To Mr. Elderberry's!" and to Mr. Elderberry's they were carried.

The honour of this visit not a little surprised the gentleman in question, who was arranging a quantity of white kid gloves, with which his table was covered.

"Mr. Elderberry, you did me the honour of

a visit this morning," said Miss Marchmyrtle, smoothing down her features as much as in her lay.

"I had certainly that felicity, and never, madam, did a visit at your dwelling confer more pleasure."

"You spoke, sir, of—of—an intended—a desired,—on your part, I say,—desired union."

"Desired, ma'am; I trust, nay, I know, on both sides."

"Indeed, sir!" with a toss: "may I inquire, for the satisfaction of my friend and myself, the present name of the future Mrs. Elderberry?"

"Are you not acquainted with it?" exclaimed the astonished bachelor. "I understood as much this morning, when I waited to gain your approval of the intended event; that is, of my marriage with my beloved Mary Murray."

"Mary Murray! vile deceiver," exclaimed Miss Sibthurdle.

"Mary Murray! you basest of men," cried Miss Marchmyrtle.

"Oh, Dorothy! oh, Bridget! deceived, betrayed, undone!" wept, sobbed, and said both ladies in concert.

"Mr. Elderberry, did you not this morning ask me, if I were acquainted with your attachment?"

"To Mary, I did; I went to acquaint you, and afterwards Miss Sibthurdle, with the circumstance; by each I was told, that you were already acquainted with it."

The ladies were dumbfounded. The question of approbation they had construed as a question of acceptance. Their hopes were ruined, and the bachelor lost.

They departed—were reconciled, and joined in hatred to the new couple. They went home, Miss Sibthurdle to fondle her cat; Miss Marchmyrtle to vent her spleen upon Cupid.

We cannot proceed in an enumeration of the literary attractions of this volume, but must observe, that if it be rich in treasures of literature, it is not a whit the less so in treasures of art. Never did we see a volume of its size containing such splendid specimens of the powers of the English artist and of the English engraver.

The fly leaf is ornamented with a neat little wreath of flowers, in the centre of which is proposed to be inscribed the name of the receiver of the gift. We then turn over to the frontispiece—representing a female head, entitled, 'Selina,' one of the most 'speaking' countenances we ever saw, even from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. He has certainly, in the present instance, surpassed every preceding effort. Charles Heath seems to have been fully conscious of its excellence, and to have put forth the whole strength of his really inimitable talents as an engraver. Whole pages would not suffice to convey all our admiration of this single print; but there are others equally charming, to which our attention must now be directed. The next peculiarly deserving observation is, 'Hylas carried away by the Nymphs,' after Howard's beautiful picture, exhibited last year at Somerset House, this is another specimen of the powers of Heath. 'Music's Mishap,' by Goodyer, after J. M. Wright, is a whimsical representation of the parish clerk teaching psalmody to Sunday scholars. 'The Rivals, or Love in a Mist,' (illustrating the tale we have just quoted,) after Smirke,

is full of the expression and richness of tint which characterize this artist, and his peculiar excellencies have been admirably preserved by Finden. 'The Persian Lovers,' by Portbury, after Corbould, is another charming print. The female head is very original and beautiful. 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' is one of Martin's wild and terrible creations, and by no means the least successful. The mass of falling water in the foreground—the diminutive form of Sadak clinging to the rock—and the desolate grandeur of the whole scene produce a most appalling effect. 'The Inconstant,' by Heath, after Stephanhoff's beautiful little picture, exhibited, we think, last season, is another 'gem.' The happy look of the object of the Inconstant's attention, and the indignation of the fair forsaken are charmingly depicted. Then follows one of Turner's splendid productions—a view of Florence; when we have said, that in splendour of effect, it equals any thing we ever saw from his magical pencil, we have given it the highest praise which it is possible for pen to bestow.

Many other equally wonderful specimens of art we have necessarily been forced to pass by in silence. In general we must reiterate our opinion, that with regard to the embellishments, 'The Keepsake' leaves all its contemporaries at an immeasurable distance. The respective engravers seem each to have resolved to produce, upon this occasion, a specimen of what the concentration of his powers is capable of producing, and the result is splendid in the extreme.

Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoléon racontée par lui-même au Tribunal de César, d'Alexandre, et de Frédéric.

(Concluded from p. 578.)

It doubtless will not be expected that we should enter into a chronological analysis of the great events related in the work of Jomini, and still less that we should follow in detail those immense statistical operations which have been the admiration of all Europe, which will always be objects of study to those who are anxious to obtain a reputation in war, and which the learned author of the *Traité des Grands Opérations Militaires* has traced with his accustomed precision. We shall content ourselves by making known, through the medium of a few short extracts, some of the ideas which had taken possession of the vast genius of that man who in spite of his faults increased daily in the good opinion of all that were free from the meanness of party spirit, or the injustice of national rivalry, and who studied calmly and with sincerity the unheard of circumstances in which Napoleon found himself placed, the machiavelic combinations of the cabinets that were leagued against him, and finally the moral organization of the man himself in which we find united all the egotistical maxims of a military despot with the generous and noble sentiments of the soldier of liberty.

The memorable campaign of Italy and Austria (in 1796 and 1797) is traced by a master-hand; this campaign, (as well as that of Paris in 1814,) has always been considered as Napoleon's most brilliant. We are at a loss

which most to admire, the eagle-like coup-d'œil of the general, and his calm yet profound policy, or the invincible courage of the soldiers who were without bread and almost without clothes. The following are the terms in which General Jomini, or rather Napoleon, recapitulates the events of this double campaign.

'During the two years in which I had commanded in Italy, I had filled the world with the splendour of my victories, the coalition had been divided. The emperor and the princes of the empire had recognised the republic, the whole of Italy was subjected to its laws and its influence. Two new republics had been established there upon the French system. England alone continued in arms, but she had manifested a desire for peace, and if the treaty was not signed it must be imputed to the folly of the Directory after the day of Fructidor. To these great results, obtained by means of the exterior connections of the republic, were joined all the advantages which she had derived from her interior administration and her military power. At no period of history had the French soldier felt a more acute sense of his own superiority. It was to the influence of the victories of Italy, that the armies of the Rhine and of Sambre-et-Meuse were indebted for being able to bring back the French colours to the banks of the Lech. At the beginning of 1796 the emperor had 160,000 men on the Rhine, and was desirous of bringing the war into France. The armies of Sambre-et-Meuse and of the Rhine were not sufficiently strong to resist him and to defend the strong holds; their numerical inferiority was remarkable, they were in want of every thing, and if the reputation of so many brave men guaranteed to the republic an honourable defence, the hope of making conquests entered into no person's calculation. The victories of Montenotte and Lodi alarmed the court of Vienna, and obliged the Aulic Council to recall successively from their armies in Germany, the Maréchal Wurmser, the Archduke Charles, and upwards of sixty thousand men, which re-established the equilibrium on that side, and enabled Moreau and Jourdan to assume the offensive.

'Upwards of one hundred and twenty millions of extraordinary contributions had been raised in Italy; sixty millions had been devoted to paying, feeding, and re-organizing the army of Italy in its various engagements; another sixty millions, forwarded to the treasury of Paris, had contributed to the wants of the interior and the remuneration of the armies of the Rhine. Independent of this important assistance, the treasury was indebted to my victories for an annual saving of seventy millions, the amount to which the support of the armies of the Alps and of Italy amounted in 1796. Considerable provisions in hemp, wood for building, vessels conquered at Genoa, Livourne, and Venice, had raised up the marine of Toulon. The National Museum was enriched with chefs-d'œuvres of art from Parma, Florence, and Rome, which were valued at upwards of two hundred millions.

'The commerce of Lyons, Provence, and Dauphiny began to revive as soon as the great route over the Alps was opened. The squadrons of Toulon, re-organized and supported by the Spanish squadrons, ruled in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. Propitious days seemed to be secured to France, and it was to the conquerors of Italy that she took pleasure in attributing them.'

On the re-establishment of religious worship and the agreement entered into with the holy see, Napoleon thus expresses himself:

'In order to obtain this double result,' (that of rebuilding the altars and at the same time delivering the Gallican clergy from the fanatical influence of the church of Rome) 'three methods presented themselves for my selection; the first, to replace the Gallican church under the discipline of the court of Rome, so limiting its rights however as to leave it no influence in affairs of state; the second, to shake off entirely this importunate patronage and to profit by the species of indifference which the revolution had inspired respecting subjects of religion, in order to invest a French prelate with a canonical patriarchy, and to leave all other Catholic rites, in their usual form; and the third was to declare both Catholic and Protestant worship equally sanctioned by the state, and to favour the propagation of the latter which had already spread through a great part of France, excluding, however, the introduction of an hierarchy.

'The latter plan would, perhaps, have been the best adapted to the future interests of France, as well as to those of the party who had triumphed during the Revolution. Some publicists think that it might have rekindled the insurrection of the west, and have displeased that half of the republic which it was of the utmost consequence to keep calm. Doubtless their fears would have been but too well founded had the reform been attempted to be introduced by rigorous means; for notwithstanding all my power, I might have failed where Henry VIII. and Gustavus Vasa had succeeded. Great religious reformation is brought about by *à propos* circumstances, but to attempt them by force is only to excite the populace and to make martyrs instead of proselytes. But far from there being any question of imposing a law upon consciences, it would have been quite sufficient to attempt directing them with mildness. In the state in which Catholicism then was in France, it is possible that there would have been no insurmountable obstacle to the introduction of a system which would have placed the primitive religion of Henry IV. on a level with that of Charles IX.

'Could I have foreseen that I should descend from the throne in 1814 and 1815, I should not have hesitated to pronounce in favour of reform. It was in fact the most potent barrier that could have been opposed to the return of the Bourbons, especially if it had been adopted by the enlightened portion of the nation. The Stuarts have fully proved that there is but little connection between a deposed dynasty and a nation professing a different form of worship. Those who have attempted to compare the restoration of Charles II. with that of Louis XVIII., have not comprehended this difference of situation. But led away by my vast projects, I sacrificed interior advantages to exterior policy.'

What is now passing in France proves that Napoleon judged correctly. Indeed it cannot be doubted that a great religious revolution will follow the important changes which must ere long take place in France. Napoleon thus states the great question respecting the consulship for life:—

'This political stroke was called for both by the situation of France, and by the projects which I had in contemplation for giving a more solid form to the government, at the head of which I found myself placed. I every day

felt more and more convinced that the republican constitution of the year 8 was but a transitory state which could not last. Counter authorities are scarcely good in times of peace and tranquillity; the dictatorship alone is suited to seasons of disturbance. *In truth, a dictatorship for life would after all have been but provisional, the people stand in need of something decided, in order to render their exterior strong and their interior calm.* The consulship for life, which was awarded to me on the 2nd August, became the foundation of the edifice which I was subsequently to erect. This dignity had previously been prolonged to me, for the space of ten years, by a *senatus consulte* of the 6th May, which would have brought it down to 1820; but they wisely judged that it would be better to extend it for the period of my existence, and I contented myself with this whilst waiting for more stable institutions.

It is known that the title of consul for life was only a transition, by means of which he hoped to arrive at the throne. Let us see how the republican justifies the future monarch:—

"An elective government gives rise to perpetual convulsions. It is pitiable even where it is controlled by a legitimate dynasty, as in Poland and in the German Empire. How in fact is it possible to prevent each election from giving rise to a civil war in which foreigners may intermeddle? Happy if each new consul, costs only the loss of a province, a colony, or a portion of national independence! If England had continued an elective government after the demise of Cromwell, Louis XIV. and the Stuarts would have subjugated and subdivided it. * * * * *

A democracy is so in reality only where the people choose their own chiefs without any intervention, and those chiefs return in succession into the class of the people. It has never existed but nominally in small states, and even at Rome was only transitory. Every where the people, excited by ambitious characters, fall again, in a few years, into the grasp of aristocracy. In the situation in which Europe at present stands, no great state can exist under the form of a democratic republic. The example of the United States, which visionaries take pleasure in quoting on all occasions, is, in the eyes of a wise publicist, the best proof that a republican government lessens the natural force of a nation, unless it degenerates to an odious dictatorship. The weakness of the Americans is such that with ten millions of inhabitants, they submitted, in 1814, to the affront of seeing their capital taken and sacked by a single English division which arrived by sea. Such a scandal could only be the result of a system which opposes itself in republics to the establishment of a regular and reputable army, and which fetters the actions of government with all kinds of shackles. A republic cannot escape this danger, but by means of an absolute power, like that of the committee of public safety; and there is no sensible man who would desire it for his country in preference to a temperate monarchy firmly constituted. The United States, under a stronger government would already have been masters of the American continent, at least as far as Panama.

"An aristocracy has the advantage of concentrating the powers of government into hands more skilful and less dangerous than those of an ignorant multitude; but an aristocracy is always exclusively egotistical and jealous. A monarchy ennobles plebeian merit, an aristocracy

repulses it: a patrician of Berne or of Venice is more proud than a duke and peer, or a Spanish grandee. Besides this, an aristocracy partakes always of the character of an elective government, the magistracies of which are but temporary. A great state cannot be elective without being certain of its ruin. How many intestine wars has the German empire witnessed in the election of its emperors? and what has been the result of a similar system in Poland, where at one time France, at another Russia, at another Sweden, has given a king?"

The grand projects of the descent upon England, the colonization in Egypt, and the continental prohibitive system are developed with a clearness and talent which we cannot at present enter into; perhaps they have never before been described with so much force to impress the mind of the attentive reader; the latter event in particular has left deep traces, and has signally contributed, whatever may be said to the contrary, to that immense development of French industry and labour which is observable in the present day; and Napoleon already reaps the glory of having created it.

This work, which is executed in so happy and so original a style, may at once be considered as a scientific commentary on the manuscript of St. Helena, and an abstract of all that has been written upon Napoleon, both by himself and by the most skilful authors. Devoid of declamation and bombast, every thing is simple—for every thing, or almost every thing, is grand. Errors are avowed with sincerity, great actions related with simplicity, and the formality generally adopted is abandoned. Certain principles, doubtless erroneous, upon social and political organization, appear in these volumes only as the convictions of an observing mind, which had been rendered timid and prudent by the spectacle of democratic tempests. Of all the means adopted for exhibiting the life and opinions of the great man, none can be so ingenious, and at the same time so suitable, as the plan adopted by our learned author. Is not the very idea a happy one, to imagine Napoleon justifying himself before a tribunal composed of two ambitious monarchs and one avaricious despot? This position gives the ungrateful son of the republic an opportunity of presenting, under the form of political aphorisms, certain opinions, which, in other shapes, might have given offence to some mistrustful readers. This was, moreover, the best way of softening down, without interfering with the principles of justice, all that was too arbitrary in some of his actions. Such is the address with which General Jomini has sketched his facts, that, without materially altering the truth, the brilliant qualities of his hero shine forth in all their splendour, whilst the faults of the man are, in a manner, absorbed by the rays of glory that surround the conqueror.

This work cannot but add to the reputation which General Jomini has already acquired.

Cumberland's British Theatre. Vols. XVI. and XVII.

We have more than once adverted to this work, and acknowledged the critical acumen of D. G.; who continues to blend with his

remarks many amusing and apposite anecdotes; yet, in his critique on the performance of Mr. Kean, jun., he has somewhat strained the quality of mercy. Vols. 16 and 17 of the *British Theatre* consist, with one or two exceptions, of copy-right pieces. To the *Children in the Wood* is appended a concise and well-written memoir of Elliston, with a full-length portrait of him in the character of Walter; and, preceding the tragedy of *Barbarossa*, is a similar tribute to young Kean as Selim. We must repeat our commendations of this collection of dramas, as being at once cheap, correct, and tastefully embellished.

Greek Gradus; or, Greek, Latin, and English Prosodial Lexicon. By the REV. JOHN BRASSE, B. D., late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 942. 1828. London. Baldwin and Co.: Oxford, Parker: Cambridge, Deighton.

It is not always that our opinion of a work is to be estimated by the space which we can appropriate for its review. The *Greek Gradus*, now on our table, is stated to contain the interpretation, in Latin and English, of all words which occur in the Greek poets, from the earliest period to the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus; the quantities of each syllable actually or virtually marked; an authority for the existence and quantity of each word, and those words which appear to bear a similitude in sense to the principal word: the enumeration of which particulars will at once discover to our readers its intrinsic value, if well executed; its incalculable utility to scholars in our public classical institutions, and even to masters themselves. We have examined the work in numerous places, and, if we cannot assert its absolute perfection, we believe few words will be found wanting, or not sufficiently explained and illustrated. Its utility might have been increased greatly, had it been more complete as a lexicon, so as to supersede the necessity for any other, for boys who are reading the Greek poets. But, as it is, the indefatigable application required in the compilation of the *Greek Gradus* is manifest; and we heartily recommend the work as supplying a desideratum in our school books, and likely to be advantageously used to a very wide extent.

The Veracity of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. By the REV. J. J. BLUNT, fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and author of *Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs in Italy and Sicily.* Post 8vo. pp. 196. London, 1828. Murray.

EVERY attempt to add to or strengthen the present evidences for the truth of the Scriptures, ought to meet with encouragement from believers in Christianity, though in different degrees, according to its value or importance. Too strong a bulwark cannot be raised against infidelity; too many solid reasons cannot be brought forward in confirmation of Christian hope, subject as mankind are continually to temptations from without, and fears from within. The argument, from undesigned coincidences in some of the writers of the New Testament, has been long and successfully applied by that champion

for the truth—Paley, in his *Horæ Paulinæ*. That argument is more fully pursued by Mr. Blunt, and extended to the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, whose work may be considered as supplementary to that of the eminent author just named. Mr. B.'s method is to point out such coincidences as appear to have been clearly undesigned, and which have casually struck him in reading the writings of the Evangelists; observing those he has found in them, when compared with themselves, with each other, and with Josephus. We sincerely wish that we could enter at large into the argument, so as to do some sort of justice to this very clever little work. Some of the coincidences are extremely striking, and in a few instances the probable truth even of a miracle is involved in them. Compare Matthew 4, 18-22 with Luke 5, 1-11; and especially Mark 6, 31 with John 6, 4; John 6, 5 with Luke 9, 10, and John 1, 44. The argument from the agreement between the description of the state of Judea in the time of Christ, as given by Josephus, and as it may be gathered from the parables of our Lord and many historical incidents, is both novel and ingenious. Those who possess Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ* should certainly procure Mr. Blunt's work; and those who do not possess any work on the evidences pursuing a similar line of argument, would do well to furnish themselves with this highly useful publication, so decidedly proving the honest simplicity and complete veracity of the Gospel writers.

The London Medical Gazette, being a Weekly Journal of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. No. I. 8vo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

WE have received the first number of the above journal, the principal features of which are to give to the medical public, original papers, in the form of lectures or essays, proceedings of learned societies, hospital reports, and critical analyses; the latter, we are glad to observe, taking this number as a specimen of those that will follow, are given with an appearance of impartiality,—although, on the whole, we give preference to the *Lancet*.

A Practical Treatise on Topographical Surveying and Drawing, &c. By W. SIBORN, Lieutenant in the 47th Regiment, and Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces in Ireland. 8vo. pp. 107. London, 1827. C and J. Rivington.

WE perfectly agree with Mr. Siborn that topographical surveying is not generally regarded as an attractive or an agreeable study, and we very much question whether it ever will, even with the facilities and improvements which his system affords. Yet although we think that he has, naturally enough, rather overrated the probable effect of his labours, we are nevertheless of opinion that he has rendered the art very important services, and that if he has not altogether succeeded in converting a dry study into an agreeable pursuit, he has at least rendered the task less unpalatable to those who are constrained to exercise it. Upon the whole, it is a long time since we met with a more

useful little manual than Mr. Siborn's *Topographical Surveying*. The author evidently has his subject at his fingers' ends, and his style is clear, and unincumbered with extraneous matter of any kind. The volume is illustrated by seven very well engraved plates.

The Self-Regulating Calendar. Invented by J. W. WOOLGAR. Lithographed by C. Willich.

A VERY pretty pink faced and golden-edged Calendar, which surpasses its predecessors by requiring only a yearly adjustment, and by not being liable to derangement.

ORIGINAL.

GRETNA GREEN.

'Twas in a land—the isle of lake and mountain,

Where emerald carpets dry the naked feet
Of peasant maids, who wet them at the fountain,

Disdaining stockings in the summer's heat—
A fact I should not be recounting,

Since ladies may not deem it quite discreet;
'Tis very well when they are hid by flowers,
But drawing-room carpets don't possess such powers.

'Twas in this land near Dublin's famous city,
Occurred a scene excessively romantic,
A wealthy youth, and maiden sly as pretty,
Got in their heads the not unfrequent antic,
Of what to them no doubt seemed vastly witty,
But sent their poor old parents almost frantic.
In short, they took advantage of the weather,
And had a trip to Gretna Green together!

In this my story may not much astound,
Excursions of this sort are quite in vogue,
And much to Hymen's honour does redound,
This great addition to his catalogue;
I wish some nearer spot though could be found.
The distance forces many to prorogue
The happy day: for even you or I
Might have been married had it been more nigh!

In runaway nuptials, though both parties willing,
The gentleman is usually the planner;
And though the lady wants but little drilling,
The world presumes there's something to
trepan her;

But here, I guess, the youth grew rather chilling,
That is he courted in too calm a manner;
For Irish hearts, they say, are very warm,
Particularly in the female form.
So proved the sequel, for the damsel feeling
Her bosom, more than she could suffer, teased,
Had not much hesitation in revealing
Her inclination that it should be eased.
(I wish all females so preferred plain dealing,
Their lovers in the end would be as pleased;
For modesty looks very much like art,
When it belies the language of the heart.)

Not that I mean to utterly exclude
The use of such a fascinating grace,
For a coquette's as odious as a prude;
But when 'tis worn as merely a preface,
Just to comply with fashion's habitude,
Because a blush looks pretty on the face,
It sits too awkwardly to be believed,
And shows that nature no such guise conceived
Well, as I said, beforehand, Miss Louisa,
(As Byron says, the word will do for rhyming)
Finding that Cupid still resolved to tease her,
With love and hope her resolution priming,

So proved the sequel, for the damsel feeling
Her bosom, more than she could suffer, teased,
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It sits too awkwardly to be believed,
And shows that nature no such guise conceived
Well, as I said, beforehand, Miss Louisa,
(As Byron says, the word will do for rhyming)
Finding that Cupid still resolved to tease her,
With love and hope her resolution priming,

Vowing, no doubt, some horrid fate should seize her,

If with her own thoughts Henry's should not chime in.

(That was his name, they'd age between them plenty—

He was fifteen—she about one-and-twenty!)

Set off one night to Henry's boarding school,
An assignation having there been made,

To meet together when the moon was full,
Concealed beneath a certain arbour's shade,

Where they might with deliberation cool,
Arrange their plans in pleasant ambuscade,

And take, while all in sleep were snugly dozing,
A kiss or two, a thing much more composing.

But soft, what form is gliding through the leaves?
What voice so gently kisses the still air?

What lily hand each bower's tendril cleaves,
With such mysterious and peculiar care?

It is Louisa! how her glad breast heaves!
The arbour's found, and Henry too is there!

(Oh, horrible, I hear the old maids cry,
To meet at such a time, and none else by!)

Entranced they stood, like spirits of the night,
Waiting some happy moment to be blessed;

Silent as angels in their souls' delight,
And fond as infants on the mother's breast;

Henry (his features hidden deep from sight,
Close as Leander to his Hero pressed,

When from the wave she first upon him smiled)
Kissing Louisa's bosom like a child!

And, oh, but fifteen summers o'er his head,
Without the fire of manhood in his veins,

Prone to belief, and easy to be led,
Meek, powerless, and fast in woman's chains,

By the mild gleam that Dian o'er him shed,
'Twas a sweet sight,—a novice to its pains,

To see that boy, so softly touched by love,
Nestling towards his mistress, like a dove!

'My loved one!' cried Louisa, as she kissed
The cheek of Henry to her fond lips pressed,

Gazing upon him as an idolist,
Views the bright cross that hangs upon her breast,

'Oh, that for ever we could thus exist,
Locked in each others arms, like souls at rest,

Forgetting man, and but remembering earth,
To bless the spots which gave each other birth!

'But, ah! there is a tie remaining yet,
Without which even we must live apart,

And each become a lonely anchoress,
Deprived of all that's dearest to the heart,

Oh, never let us suffer that regret,
But fly with me this instant—do not start—

I've friends at hand—though women weak as I,
They'll guide thee safely; hasten then, and fly!

But hold, I'm getting mawkish and pathetic,
My Pegasus is veering from its course,

The fact is this, that in the road poetic,
'Tis very hard to steady keep one's horse;

Not that I mean to be apologetic;
Digressions always give a poem force;

Besides I move as suits my bent of mind,
Vessels must tack according to the wind!

I think the circumstance I last was telling
Was Miss Louisa's prologue to her flight,

In which her eloquence was so excelling,
That she and Henry both eloped that night,

In neat post chaises, which their forms propelling
To the sea shore, they soon were out of sight

Of Erin's isle, and now at Gretna Green
Behold them wedded, as they had foreseen!

So far so good—I hear young misses saying,
'Twas nothing of the sort; for just as all

Was over, and the blacksmith finished paying,
The parties heard a most discordant call

Of officers, who sundry staves displaying,
Requested them to step into the hall,
Where they were told with most annoying
civility,

That 'to proceed was an impossibility !'
This was a check confoundedly provoking,
Poor Henry's dreams all vanished in a mi-
nute,

Louisa said th' officers must be joking,
But they assured her there was no joke in it,
'Well never mind, our hands there's no unyoking,
Once fastened Hymen's tie, they can't unpin it,
So do not sigh, my love ! the thing's unpleas-
ant, But all, I trust, will soon become quiescent !'

The husband felt a strong disinclination
To being parted from his new-made wife ;
For she had charms of no slight provocation
To the desire of a connubial life,
And many to have had her bridegroom's station,
Would have, no doubt, risked much of mar-
riage strife ;

Not that I hint it as a certain thing
That matrimony will contention bring.

And now the young conspirators detected,
Were hurried back to their deserted home,
Their forms dissevered, and their hearts dejected,
Their thoughts alone at liberty to roam,
Their fate, so far from what they had expected,
That when they saw again the sea's white foam
Bearing their bark so swiftly to the shore,
They almost wished that it would sink before

It touched on Erin's land, but Fortune seemed
Determined not to gratify their prayer ;
For on the vessel very safely streamed
With a most favoring breeze and grateful air.
And now the white cliffs of their country
gleamed,

Pale as the cheeks that blanched to see them
there ;

A few short moments, and the pilot nears
Their native clime—the sole one of their fears !
Alas, the time is come for them to sever,

Although Louisa promised, in the bower,
That when (by law) united, they should never
Be from each other for a single hour.

Ah ! ladies think themselves extremely clever,
But sometimes they will overrate their power,
For here the lawyers said, the nuptial noose
Was not beyond their efforts to unloose.

Now view them taken from each other's pre-
sence,

The new-made bride indicted for abduction,
That is, before the youth was of pubescence,
Alluring him with amorous instruction ;

She being in a state of adolescence,
And fully capable of such seduction ;
I doubt all this ; lads even at fifteen

Will (without much temptation) misdeem !
But, after all, old folks had best keep quiet.

When lads and lasses have made up their
mind,

'Tis very useless making any riot ;
It only makes the parties more inclined
To have each other, and by prison diet

The lovers' appetite grows more refined ;
When hearts are bound, 'tis vain to sever hands,
For without Hymen, Love will weave his
bands.

SFORZA.

EULOGIUM ON THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY N. BIDDLE.

THE character of Jefferson and the circum-
stances of his life must be known to most of
our readers, we having, in our last volume,
entered somewhat at length into the subject.
But we do not regret the opportunity afford-
ed us now of laying before them some pas-

sages from the very able and eloquent eulo-
gium of Mr. Biddle, who as an American,
addressing the American Philosophical So-
ciety, on the merits of their late president,
has conferred honour on himself in showing
he knows how to estimate the talents, ac-
quirements, and services of his friend. Jef-
ferson greatly distinguished himself as a
writer and literary man, and was a member,
also, of the Institute of France, in the subdivi-
sion of which he was assigned to the class
of history and ancient literature : the value
of this honour may be gathered from the
fact, that "on no other citizen of our coun-
try, as Mr. Biddle tells us, has it been con-
ferred." The foreign associates, besides Jef-
ferson, were Rennel and Wilkins of Eng-
land, Duvaroff of Russia, Sestini of Italy,
Héeren of Gottingen, Creuser of Heidelberg,
and William Humboldt of Berlin.

Our extracts from Mr. Biddle are three :
the first respects the declaration of independ-
ence, to some of the expressions and propo-
sitions of which objections have been made ;
but in which we meet with some very spirit-
ed remarks :

The protracted struggle with England had
irritated the mind of the country to an anxious
exasperation. In taking the final step decisive
of their own and their country's fortunes, it
was no part of the policy of its leaders to
soften these feelings, but rather to awaken the
passions, to rouse all the indignation of their
countrymen, and to direct their full and con-
centered and impetuous energy against their
oppressors. And then its very roughness is
appropriate. It were scarce seemly that the
corner stone of this great temple of freedom
should be overpolished. It is well that its
stern massiveness should accord with the
strong and doric simplicity of the columns it
sustains. It is well that the racy and even im-
passioned originality of this indignant remon-
strance against the abuses of power should re-
main like the chisel marks of the great sculp-
tor of Italy as if in disdain of minute perfec-
tions. There was nothing equal to it, there
was nothing like it in all the revolutions re-
sembling our own, neither by the Swiss who
overthrew the dominion of the house of Aus-
tria, nor the Portuguese in annulling their al-
legiance to Spain, nor the Dutch in their suc-
cessful resistance to their foreign rulers. Even
in the annals of England, the noblemen who
at Runymede extorted from their sovereign the
great charter, gave no reasons but their swords,
and the barbarous and feudal latinity of that
long paper grates with almost as harsh a dis-
sonance on our ears as it did on those of the re-
luctant signer of it. In still later times, when
the House of Commons alarmed Charles the
First into an acknowledgment of their liberties
scarcely inferior to the great charter itself, the
"petition of right" which secured them has
the verbose formality of a legal record. But
it was among the many distinctions of this
great quarrel to be announced in a strain cor-
responding with its dignity. It was essentially
an intellectual warfare, a contest of prophecy,
in which they who would not brook the prac-
tical oppression went out to resist the principle,
and where mere success would have lost its va-
lue unless it was proved to be deserved. To
accomplish this they warned the British gov-
ernment, they besought the British nation.
In those admirable addresses which invoked
equally the reason and the feelings of the pa-

rent state, till wearied with unheeded remon-
strance and finding no resource but in their
own hearts, they made this their last appeal to
God alone.

'Accordingly the declaration of independ-
ence is among the noblest productions of the
human intellect. It stands apart, alike the
first example and the great model of its species
—of that simple eloquence worthy of convey-
ing to the world and to posterity the deep
thoughts and the stern purposes of a proud yet
suffering nation. It contains nothing new,
for the grave spirits of that congress were too
intent on their great work to aspire after am-
bitious novelties. But it embodies the eternal
truths which lie at the foundation of all free
governments. It announces with singular bold-
ness and self possession their wrongs and their
determination to redress them. It sustains
that purpose in a tone of such high and manly
and generous enthusiasm—it breathes around
an atmosphere of so clear and fresh an eleva-
tion, and then concludes with such an heroic
self devotion, that it is impossible even at this
distant day to hear it without a thrill to the
soul. It seems like the gushing out of an op-
pressed but still unconquered spirit ; the voice
of a wounded nation unsubdued even in its
agony. They have at last met ;—the genuine
descendants of the northern pilgrims, of Penn
and of Raleigh ;—they have come from the far
extremes of climate, of tastes, and of manners,
to this the common battle field, for the great
principles of freedom, equally dear to them all.
They feel untamed within them the adventur-
ous spirit which first planted their race on this
desert ; and they bring to this desperate strug-
gle the stubborn devotedness of purpose, the
unyielding calmness of resolution, and the im-
petuous passions infused with the blood of
their ancestry. But the chivalry with which
these ancestors threw themselves on the ocean,
to leave their homes and to make their coun-
try, was even less heroic than this proud defi-
ance to the unbroken power of England. Their
fathers came here because they would not en-
dure the intolerance they left behind, and they
brought with them the stern uncompromising
temper which they had shared with the roused
spirit of England during that tempest in which
the commonwealth was established and over-
thrown. It could not be that such men would
long obey the dominion of strangers ; or that
having built up their sequestered place of re-
fuge where they might breathe to God their
vows in their own sincere simplicity, and lie
in the sunny spots which they had hewed out
of the wilderness beyond the reach of the cold
shade of power, they would ever submit to see
their harvests reaped by the hands which had
driven them into exile. At the first signal of
oppression they had started into resistance.
Their early reverses only hardened the temper
they could not subdue,—and now, they stand
so erect in the desperation of their fortunes, so
young, so weak, so lonely,—yet even in that
moment of danger their voice is as firm, their
deemeanour as lofty, as in the earliest glow
of their prosperity, and after reciting their wrongs
in the tone rather of a conqueror than a sup-
pliant, they renounce for ever the dominion
which had ceased to deserve their allegiance,
and then raise the standard of their own young
freedom to perish for it, or to perish with it.
Their success has consecrated that standard to
aftertimes, and in every land where men have
struggled against oppression their dreams have
been of that declaration of independence which
is now the magna charta of humanity.'

Singular is that economy of Providence, by which it often occurs, that men are appointed to fill stations for which their previous habits may seem to themselves to have little adapted them. Formed apparently for literary seclusion, Jefferson was driven on the stage of public life:—

But 'it is thus that philosophy best fulfils her destiny, when coming from her seclusion into the arena of life she shares and leads in defending the cause of truth and freedom.'

This is not easy, however; 'for many who were conspicuous in retirement have failed in action, over-burthened by their preparation, as men sink under the weight of their own armour. But to succeed—to combine the knowledge of the schools and of the world—to be learned in books and things and yet able to govern men, to deserve that most illustrious of all names—a philosophical statesman: this is at once the highest benefit which study can bestow on the world, and the noblest reward which the world can confer on learning. This was the singular merit of Jefferson. "The whole of my life," said he to a friend, "has been at war with my natural tastes, feelings, and wishes. Domestic life and literary pursuits were my first and latest desire. Circumstances have led me along the path I have trodden, and like a bow long bent I resume with delight the character and pursuits for which nature designed me." Yet the influence of these tastes over his whole career was equally obvious and beneficial. It is this exhaustless love of study which enables the finer intellects to sustain the burthen of public duties, to resist the encroachments of that selfishness, and to overcome that disgust which intense devotion to the business of the world is too prone to inspire. From that outer scene of contention with the passions and interests of others their retreat is to the fountain within, calming by its repose and freshening with its coolness the overstrained energy of the mind.'

The author of this eulogium on one so dear to America, in conclusion, contrasts Bonaparte and Jefferson; the former the conqueror of a great nation; the latter the chief magistrate of a free people.

'Of Napoleon it is fit to speak with the gentleness due to misfortune. Two centuries have scarce sufficed to retrieve the fame of Cromwell from that least expiable of crimes—his success over a feeble and profligate race, more fortunate in their historian than their history: and the memory of Napoleon must long atone equally for his elevation and his reverses. There are already those who disparage his genius, as if this were not to humble the nations who stood dismayed before it. Great talents, varied acquirements, many high qualities, enlightened views of legislation and domestic policy, it were bigotry to deny to Napoleon. The very tide of his conquests over less civilized nations, deposited in receding some benefits even to the vanquished—and all that glory can contribute to public happiness, was profusely lavished on his country. But in the midst of this gaudy infatuation there was that which disenchanted the spell—that which struck its damp chill into the heart of any man who, undazzled by the vulgar decorations of power, looked only at the blessings it might confer, and who weighed, instead of counting, these victories. Such are the delusions which military ambition sheds in turn on its possessor and on the world, that its triumphs begin with

the thoughtless applause of its future victims, and end in the maddening intoxication of its own prosperity. We may not wonder then if, when those who should have first resisted his power were foremost in admiration and servility—when the whole continent of Europe was one submissive dependence on his will—when among the crowd of native and stranger suppliants who worshipped before this idol there was only one manly and independent voice to rebuke his excesses in a tone worthy of a free people—that of the representative of Jefferson, we may not wonder if all the brilliant qualities which distinguished the youth of Napoleon were at last concentrated into a spirit of intense selfishness, and that the whole purpose to which his splendid genius was perverted was the poor love of swaying the destinies of other men—not to benefit, not to bless—but simply to command them, to engross every thing, and to be every thing. It was for this that he disturbed the earth with his insane conquests,—for this that the whole freedom of the human mind—the elastic vigour of the intellect—all the natural play of the human feelings—all free agency, were crushed beneath this fierce and inimitable dominion, which, degrading the human race into the mere objects and instruments of slaughter, would soon have left nothing to science but to contrive the means of mutual destruction, and nothing to letters except to flatter the common destroyer. Contrast this feverish restlessness which is called ambition—this expanded love of violence which makes heroes—contrast these, as they shone in the turbulent existence of Napoleon, with the peaceful disinterested career of Jefferson; and in all the relations of their power—its nature, its employment, and its result—we may assign the superiority to the civil magistrate.

'Napoleon owed his elevation to military violence; Jefferson to the voluntary suffrage of his country. The one ruled sternly over reluctant subjects; the other was but the foremost among his equals who respected in his person the image of their own authority. Napoleon sought to enlarge his influence at home by enfeebling all the civil institutions, and abroad by invading the possessions of his neighbours; Jefferson preferred to abridge his power by strict constructions, and his counsels were uniformly dissuasive against foreign wars. Yet the personal influence of Jefferson was far more enviable, for he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his country; while Napoleon had no authority not conceded by fear; and the extortions of force are evil substitutes for that most fascinating of all sway—the ascendancy over equals. During the undisputed possession of that power, Napoleon seemed unconscious of its noblest attribute, the capacity to make man freer or happier; and no one great or lofty purpose of benefitting mankind, no generous sympathy for his race, ever disturbed that sepulchral selfishness, or appeased that scorn of humanity, which his successes almost justified. But the life of Jefferson was a perpetual devotion, not to his own purposes, but to the pure and noble cause of public freedom. From the first dawning of his youth his undivided heart was given to the establishment of free principles; free institutions; freedom in all its varieties of untrammelled thought and independent action. His whole life was consecrated to the improvement and happiness of his fellow men; and his intense enthusiasm for knowledge and freedom was sustained to his dying hour. Their career was as strangely different in its

close as in its character. The power of Napoleon was won by the sword; maintained by the sword; lost by the sword. That colossal empire which he had exhausted fortune in rearing broke before the first shock of adversity. The most magnificently gorgeous of all the pageants of our times; when the august ceremonies of religion blessed and crowned that soldier-emperor, when the allegiance of the great captains who stood by his side, the applauses of assembled France in the presence of assenting Europe, the splendid pomp of war softened by the smiles of beauty, and all the decorations of all the arts, blended their enchantments as that imperial train swept up the aisles of Notre Dame, faded into the silent cabin of that lone island in a distant sea. The hundred thousands of soldiers who obeyed his voice; the will which made the destiny of men; the name whose humblest possessor might be a king; all shrunk into the feeble band who followed the captivity of their master. Of all his foreign triumphs not one remained, and in his first military conquest, his own country, which he had adorned with the monuments of his fame, there is now no place even for the tomb of this desolate exile. But the glory of Jefferson became even purer as the progress of years mellowed into veneration the love of his countrymen. He died in the midst of the free people whom he had lived to serve; and his only ceremonial, worthy equally of him and of them, was the simple sublimity of his funeral triumph. His power he retained as long as he desired it, and then voluntarily restored the trust, with a permanent addition, derived from Napoleon himself, far exceeding the widest limits of the French empire; that victory of peace which outweighs all the conquests of Napoleon, as one line of the declaration of independence is worth all his glory.

'But he also is now gone. The genius, the various learning, the private virtues, the public honours, which illustrated and endeared his name, are gathered into the tomb, leaving to him only the fame, and to us only the remembrance of them. Be that memory cherished without regret or sorrow. Our affection could hope nothing better for him than this long career of glorious and happy usefulness, closed before the infirmities of age had impaired its lustre; and the grief that such a man is dead, may be well assuaged by the proud consolation that such a man has lived.'

LOVE'S APOSTATE.

'I suoi pensier in lui dormir non ponno.'

THE curse is upon thee, false one,
All beautiful as thou art;
And the venom is corroding fast
Into that worthless heart.
Aye circle thy neck with diamonds—
Thy beautiful neck of snow—
And fillet thy forehead with pearls—thy shame
Will not be hidden so.
Oh, gather thy dark eye's lightnings,
I quail not to them now;
I bowed when they shone with love and peace,
As never again I bow.
I come not to sue thee, maiden—
What art thou now to me?
As the withered leaf which Autumn blasts
Have severed from the tree.
Nor do I come to curse thee;
It were an idle deed;
Enough of woe, my once dear love,
Alas, is thine decreed.

What mourn I then? Oh! never,
 Why mourn for such as thou?
 Both love and fortune sued thy heart—
 Thy choice—wouldst change it now?
 Nay, nay it brought thee jewels,
 To glitter in thy hair;
 What reck'st thou if they have the weight—
 The dull cold weight of care?
 Nay, nay, it brought thee thousands
 To own thy charms divine;
 What reck'st thou if no heart be there
 Worth one dear smile of thine.
 I come farewell to bid thee,
 Eternally farewell;
 I come to take one lingering look
 Of all I loved so well.
 To note how thou wouldst bear thee
 In splendour bought so dear;
 'Tis proudly done, 'tis bravely done,
 Dash off that foolish tear.
 Thou still canst weep! Poor maiden,
 How idly didst thou deem
 That love could be by hearts like thine
 Forgotten as a dream.
 Oh, little didst thou deem it
 Like the robe the centaur wore,
 To the form that once it clung around,
 Clinging for evermore.
 Oh! mercy for that proud heart!
 Undying fires are there;
 Avenging passion, quench thy brand,
 The bright apostate spare.
 I came to mark thine anguish,
 With stern exulting heart;
 And weak in hate as thou in love,
 In tears from thee depart. G. J. DE W.

NEW MUSIC.

The Swiss Boy; a Ballad. Sung by MRS. WAYLETT. Written by W. BALL. Arranged by MOSCHELLES. Being No. I. of the Tyrolean Melodies. Willis and Co.
 THERE is much true grace and simplicity about this air which cannot fail to please. Need we add, that the arrangement by Mr. Moschelles is perfectly in keeping with the melody.

Capriccio; in which is introduced Le petit Tambour. Dedicated to the Countess of Hopetown. C. HARGILT, Op. 6. Goulding.

THE author of this Capriccio evinces very considerable talent. We are highly pleased with the introduction, and especially with the cantabile at page 2. The air is tastefully arranged, and throughout the interest is never suffered to go to sleep by listening to pages of unmeaning arpeggi.

The Bee; a Ballad. Written and composed by W. BALL. Willis and Co.

THE hum of this Bee we cannot admire. The air is pretty and flowing, and married to very passable verse; but its fault is a certain pastoral twaddle which savours more of the period when Damons and Phillises were popular personages than of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven.

Cushliu Ma Chree, a favourite Irish Air; with Variations for the Pianoforte. By P. KNAPTON. Chappell.

CUSHLIU MA CHREE may be a very good motive for the display of invention, but its being in the minor key, we fear, is an ob-

jection to its being generally admired. Those who are so un-English as to bear minor melodies will not rise from the performance of Mr. K.'s Variations ungratified.

Divertimento for the Pianoforte; the Subjects from Meyerbeer's Opera of Emma di Resburgo. Composed by G. KJALLMARK. Chappell.

WE are always grateful to those who introduce to our acquaintance gems from works difficult of access. The subjects Mr. K. has chosen for his divertimento do as much credit to his taste and judgment as the arrangement does to his talent.

THE DRAMA.

THE COBURG.—It is but seldom that the minor theatres give us an opportunity of exercising our critical judgment on their histrionic merits, for it is rare indeed to see a new piece produced on the boards of either of them, that has the slightest pretensions to the notice of those whose business it is to record events appertaining to the regular drama. Nor can this be a matter of surprise to any one, who knows that a license is granted to the Theatres Royal of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, for an exclusive monopoly of the *genuine drama*, and that the abilities of the performers at the minor houses are, for the most part, hardly on a par with the discernment of those who generally witness their performances. On Monday last, however, Mr. J. F. Pennie's tragedy of *Ethelwolf, or the Danish Pirates*, (which had been refused at Drury Lane, and was now reduced from five to three acts, in order, we presume, to steer clear of the danger of trespassing on the exclusive privileges before alluded to,) was represented at the Coburg Theatre; and the strong marks of satisfaction with which it was received by a full house, notwithstanding all the disadvantages which, for the reasons before-named, surrounded it, is a convincing proof that the manager of Drury egregiously erred in his judgment when he rejected it; for, supported as the tragedy would there have been, by actors of talent and celebrity, and aided by suitable scenery, dresses, and decorations, there can scarcely exist a doubt of its complete success. Creditably as Mr. Davidge has done his duty in this respect, consistently with the resources of his house, it fell infinitely short of what the pomp and circumstance of the occasion required.

The tragedy of *Ethelwolf* is, in fact, a fine poetical composition; and though, in the early scenes, it may appear somewhat deficient in striking situations, the interest gradually thickens, many original and highly-wrought incidents occur, and there is throughout much power, originality, and dramatic effect. We subjoin the prologue and epilogue delivered on this occasion:—

THE PROLOGUE.

Written by the Author of *The Age Reviewed*, and spoken by Mrs. Shephard.

Denied admission where her guardian Power Presided once, and graced her glowing hour,
 The buskin'd Muse hath left her classic sphere,
 And, barr'd from Drury, flies for shelter here;
 Receive her kindly, and with gracious mein
 Survey her progress through the varied scene.

We claim attention for no midnight sun—
 As some fine melodrama hath lately done!
 No cap'ring horses with their sooty palls,
 No jugglers grinning at revolving balls,
 Nor mouldy fustian flitch'd from Gallic ground,
 To force and spread the booby twitter round;
 A more congenial subject claims your eye—
 A stirring glimpse of ages long roll'd by!
 Of Britain's warlike race, the wild and free,
 Lords of the land and lions of the sea!
 A race, whose gallant port and eagle gaze
 Would shame our paper men of modern days,
 When servile bows and scrapes and girlish play,
 Tame the proud mind and snatch the man away!
 Need more be said to aid this due appeal,
 Wake the high thought, and teach the soul to feel!
 Ere yet the curtain shall disclose the view,
 Let Worth and Genius claim a word or two:
 No pamper'd darling of dramatic trade,
 For monthly rubbish duly hired and paid,
 Awaits your verdict on this play to-night,
 With mingled throbs of tremor and delight;
 But one whose summer days have darkly past
 Amid the fury of misfortune's blast!
 A child of woe—the wreck of hopes o'erthrown,
 With only worth and sorrow for his own:
 For him then let both heart and head combine
 To reap a pleasure from his tragic line;
 For him let sympathetic Kindness try
 To fill with gen'rous glow her heavenly eye;
 So shall this grateful night repay the fears,
 The toils, and troubles of his stormy years;
 To you—to you alone, he'll trust his cause,
 And hail a bright reward in your applause.

THE EPILOGUE.

Written by a Friend, and spoken by Mr. Cobham.

Dear ladies! pray compose your lovely features,
 Dry up your tears, ye sweet bewitching creatures;
 Let smiles and dimples find their wonted station,
 And star-bright eyes resume their occupation!
 O why should Danes or Saxons claim from you
 Proofs of esteem, to Britons only due?
 What is a Dane, forsooth,—or what's a Saxon?
 Outlandish fellows, whom you'd turn your backs on.
 You're nobler, worthier, better beans, by far—
 In love as true—and not less brave in war.
 The world bears witness how we go to work,
 Whene'er we meet with Algerine or Turk:
 So much for war! you, ladies, best can tell,
 Whether in love we don't succeed as well!
 Ah—ah!—I see you tittering there—yes, you!
 Although your bonnet half destroys my view;
 And that smart youth, too;—oh! he's your "intended!"
 But, mum!—the less that's said is soonest mended.
 Yet there's one thing I must say, ere I quit,
 To all—in boxes, gallery, or pit—
 Where'er our lovely patronesses sit:
 Yes, yes—I'll say it, since I've touch'd upon it—
 'Tis this:—I hate a large-brimm'd hat or bonnet!
 And surely we have reason to despise
 Those huge monstrosities, which veil your eyes—
 Which cast a shadowy gloom o'er features bright,
 And rob us of our privilege—our right!
 A right implanted in each Briton's breast—
 The right—to kiss the girl that he loves best!
 Then, pray abandon your Leghorn umbrellas,
 And let your lips be prest by "charming fellows!"
 Or when at Christmas, 'neath the mistletoe,
 By some unlucky accident you go,
 Depend upon it, lest you manage matters,
 Hats will be crush'd, and bonnets torn to tatters!
 At these slight hints, you sure won't take offence!
 You won't?—that's kind; I knew you'd too much sense:
 And now, with your permission, let me say
 A word or two about this tragic play.
 With candour tell us—is it good?—or not?
 Speak!—shall it live?—or henceforth be forgot?
 Say—has the author, on dramatic ground,
 His condemnation, or your favour found?
 Is he deserving of your kind protection?
 If not, give utterance to your strong objection;
 But if he be—your honest plaudits give,
 And tell the world, that merit yet shall live!

A pupil of Veluti's (Madame Sala) is to appear at Covent Garden to night, (Friday,) as Countess Almaviva, in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Mr. Kean, it is said, will perform but three more nights.

Mr. Cooper, of the New York Theatre, will make his debut at Drury Lane, on Monday, as Macbeth.

A splendid morning concert will be given in a few days, for the interest of the Spanish and Italian refugees, at the Guildhall.—Alderman Wood will superintend.

VARIETIES.

Rossini, I respect thee much,
Deeming thy talents rare;
Yet true it is another such
It needs to make a Puer.

H. I.

We are informed that arrangements with Mr. Arnold have been some time completed for the occupation of his theatre, early in the next month, by Messrs. Cloup and Pelissé's corps dramatique. Whether money will be permitted to be taken at the doors is not yet certain; but when all other points are conceded, it would be a pity that this should be withheld, particularly as no inconvenience is felt from the contrary practice, except that which is attendant upon sending for the money the next day. Perhaps the mode of management, last season, at the Tottenham Street Theatre, is not generally known. A person desiring to see the performances went into the anti-room, and gave his address. The next day, a person waited upon him for his subscription, and the proprietors, we are informed, were seldom disappointed in their payments.

Concert for the Spanish and Italian Refugees.—On Thursday evening a concert was given at Albion Hall, by the Cecilian Society, for the purpose of alleviating the distress of the above patriotic sufferers, and we feel great pleasure in stating that it was respectably and numerous attended. The Lord Mayor and family, with several other city dignitaries, were present.

Foreign Literature.—We feel pleasure in referring our readers to a list of foreign works published and imported by Messrs. Dulau and Co., during the present season. It will be observed that many books of the highest rank are reduced thirty per cent. in price, and that the foreign periodicals are also imported by them at a much lower rate than hitherto.

At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Jennings, of the Poultry, obtained permission of the court to copy the portrait of Mr. Clark, the chamberlain, painted a few years ago, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at an expense of four hundred pounds.

Tokay Wine—is, without doubt, the best wine in the world. With its taste, spirit, and fire, nothing can be compared; it is among the wines, what the pine-apple is among the fruits. The reason why this wine is less properly valued in foreign countries, Russia and Poland excepted, is that there are four sorts of it. The first, called Essence, is even in Tokay or Vienna sold at not less than 2*l.* sterling a bottle; so in proportion, the lesser sorts. What is drunk in London and Paris as Tokay, is genuine English or French produce.

Follies in High Life.—The liberal patronage obtained by the proprietor of the new *hell*, in St. James's, enables him to estimate his wealth at £300,000, and if his pandemonium continues flourishing, in a few years he will be the richest man in London.

Eastern Mongols.—Dr. Schmidt, author of *Researches into the History of Central Asia*, is at length about to publish his translation of the *History of the Eastern Mongols and their Dynasty*, by Sanana Sarsan, Chungtaidschi of the Oituz, which will be accompanied with the original Mongol text. His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has assigned 10,000 rubles for the printing of it.

Mr. Sinclair, the vocalist, lately obtained a verdict against the proprietors of Covent Garden, for £800, the amount of an engagement or fifty performances, at £20 each; his talents, however, had only been called into action nine

evenings. A new trial was granted, (in consequence of a misdirection to the jury,) and, on Monday, the cause was tried again, when the jury gave a verdict for the defendants, being of opinion, that the original agreement had been cancelled.

Mustard Tree.—Mr. I. Frost, lecturer on botany, at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, has published some 'Remarks on the Mustard Tree mentioned in the New Testament,' and which has been thought by most writers to be the plant called *Sinapis nigra*, but which he supposes to be *Phytolacca dodecandra*, which are distinct families. Mr. F. says, that the seed of the former is not the smallest of all seeds, and can never produce a tree! that the latter is one of the largest trees indigenous to the country where the observation was made; it is the smallest seed of any tree in that country, it is both used as a culinary vegetable and medicinal stimulant, which common mustard is also, that a species of the same genus is well known in the United States by the term wild mustard, and that the ultimate chemical elements of the seed of *sinapis nigra* and *phytolacca dodecandra* are the same.

Catherine Hall, Cambridge.—The remarks of a provincial paper relative to the causes of the decay of some elm trees in front of this college, we think sufficiently important to insert in our journal. The paper of which we speak attributes it to the ravages of a small beetle of the genus *scolytus*, of the species termed destructor, and which penetrates the bark till it reaches the alburnum or soft wood, where the vital principle especially resides. The female insect then works her way for about two inches, in a direction parallel to the surface, and in her progress deposits numerous eggs. About September, these are hatched into the grub or larva state, and the work of destruction commences. The young may be observed busily employed in preparing to deposit a fresh stock of eggs, for the propagation of a new brood of grubs, the harbingers of destruction for the ensuing year. When a tree has perished, they no longer lay their eggs in it, but proceed to those in its immediate vicinity, which are destroyed with greater facility, as the increase of the species is very rapid, and their numbers compensate for their diminutive size, eighty thousand being some times found in a single tree.

Society.—It is a question whether a state of complete solitude,—miserable as most men feel it to be,—is not to be preferred to the society of those with whose tastes, habits, and dispositions, one has nothing in common. Man, to be happy, must associate with his kind, but they must be akin to him in something more than the common attributes of our nature. There is very little truth in the poetical boast—*then least in solitude when most alone*,—in fact the poetical temperament of even the gloomiest minstrel is the most social thing in the world, whatever it may utter whilst the moody fit prevails.—Sir Isaac Newton preferred the presence of a child to utter solitude; but there can be no doubt that he would rather have chosen utter loneliness than the company of many men,—than that of the coarse, the rude, and the unfeeling, of whom, unfortunately, the majority of mankind consists. Without meaning any undue disparagement of the 'blackguards' whom Burns eulogises, and estimating in the highest degree the *penchant* for studying human nature in *all* its grades, we cannot easily conceive how refined taste and delicate feeling can associate itself (and enjoy the association,) with the vulgar, the grovelling, and the base.

Mr. R. Clarke is appointed vicar choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the room of the late Mr. Sale, and to a similar elevation at Westminster Abbey.

The town of Falmouth was originally called Smithick. It afterwards acquired the nickname of Penny-come-quick, from the following circumstance related in the Panorama of Falmouth:—'A short distance on the shore towards Penryn River, there originally stood a lone cottage, as a public house, which acquired the name afterwards given to the surrounding village of Penny-come-quick, from the following tradition, that the house being on the land of Mr. Pendarves, that gentleman, (about A.D. 1550) wishing to encourage his late servant who lived therein, desired she would brew some good ale, and that he would come with a party of friends and drink it out. The landlady brewed accordingly, but, lo! a Dutch vessel put into the harbour, and the thirsty crew coming to the house, drank up all the ale. On the arrival afterwards of the appointed party, Mr. Pendarves was naturally angry at this disappointment, when the woman, in excuse, said, "Why, truly, sir, the penny came so quick, I could not deny them." In 1660, a proclamation was issued by Charles II., ordering that Smithick, alias Penny-come-quick, should ever after be called Falmouth.'

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Several communications are under consideration.

Literary notices should be signed by the parties.

The letter for H. I. is at the office.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Dec. 7	35	50	49	30 20		Fair.
..... 8	46	48	37	29 90		Fair.
..... 9	39	47	50	.. 80		Fair.
..... 10	52	53	50	.. 58		Showers.
..... 11	45	52	44	.. 44		Rain.
..... 12	41	41	47	.. 40		Foggy.
..... 13	41	44	39	.. 60		Fair.

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